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{ From Beginning
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BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A LITTLE pause in life, while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
When daily labour slips from weary fingers,
And soft grey shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover
Seen in the light of suns that long have set;
Belovéd ones, whose earthly toil is over,
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me, through the dusk return-
ing,

I hear the echoes of departed feet; —
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearn-
ing,

What is the charm that makes old things
so sweet?

Must the old joys be evermore withholden?
Even their memory keeps me pure and
true;

And yet, from out Jerusalem the Golden
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things
new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer;
Stifle my love, or give me back the past!
Give me the fair old earth, whose paths are
dearer

Than all Thy shining streets, and mansions
vast."

Peace, peace, — the Lord of earth and heaven
knoweth

The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness,
Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall taint thine earth and vex thine heart
no more.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit
heights;

Then shall a psalm of gladness and thank-
giving

Fill the calm hour that comes between the
lights.

Sunday Magazine. SARAH DOUDNEY.

A BURIED LOVE.

OUR love was born amid the purple heather,
When winds were still, and vesper lights
were red;

For one bright year we cherished it together;
Now, it lies cold and dead.

Dead; and across the brown hill-ridges, wail-
ing,

Comes the wild autumn in her swift return,
With sullen tears, and misty garments trailing
Over the faded fern.

Ah, there may come a time — God send it
quickly —

When love's lone grave shall wear a fragrant
wreath

Of blooms, and velvet mosses, piling thickly
Upon the dust beneath.

And we, across the heather slow returning,
May seek, perchance, this sacred mound of
ours;

Seek it, unvexed by any foolish yearning,
And find it lost in flowers.

Good Words. SARAH DOUDNEY.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

I AM the flower that every age has sung,
My name has trembled on the unwilling
tongue;

Midst sad farewells how mournfully has rung
Forget-me-not!

I image best the heaven's eternal blue!
Though transient clouds may hide it from the
view,

It shineth still, faith's never-changing hue,
Forget-me-not.

The restless brook, the river's deeper flow,
Beside my quiet home still come and go;
I kiss the waters, murmuring soft and low,
Forget-me-not.

The birds above me hovering on the wing,
List the hushed whisper, and the woodlands
ring

With the light choral as they answering sing,
Forget-me-not.

The laughing eddies hastening to the sea
With rippling echoes mock the symphony,
The rude winds toss it on their pinions free,
Forget-me-not.

And human voices catch the sweet refrain,
In loving accents fraught with human pain,
Repeating still the never-dying strain,
Forget-me-not.

Golden Hours. ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

SONG.

WITH thee my thoughts are calm and sweet,
Without thee they are wild and sad;

With thee my life is all complete,
Without thee it is stormy — mad:
Be true to me, my love, be true!
I'm nothing, if I have not you.

With thee my heart is aye at rest,
Without thee it is tempest-tost;
With thee my life is fully blest,

Without thee I am wreck'd and lost:
Be true to me, my love, be true!
I'm nothing, if I have not you.

Temple Bar. MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

From The British Quarterly Review.
THE ATOMIC THEORY OF LUCRETIVS

CONTRASTED WITH MODERN THEORIES OF ATOMS, THE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER, AND THE ORIGINATION OF LIFE.*

THE Roman poet Lucretius appears to have acquired at present a very strong interest for scientific men and others. His name has of late found frequent mention in reviews and magazines, even in sermons and newspapers. This unwonted popularity is not on account of his bold attempt to abolish the gods and give a deathblow to superstition, hardly caring, meanwhile, whether religion might perish at the same time. Nor is he read by all even for his splendid poetic genius, for some of his admirers are extremely unpoetic people. The true reason is that his poem contains an admirably clear and straightforward exposition of a scientific theory which is now very largely accepted, and which, in connection with evolution, has gained a new and somewhat startling importance. The propositions in which Lucretius has stated his atomic theory anticipate some recent scientific discoveries in a most marvellous way. Indeed, the agreement makes us wonder how the ancient students of nature, who had no means of verifying the observations of the senses through experiment, could have succeeded as they did. Like men walking abroad at night without a lantern, they could take with them no test of experimental inquiry by which to verify their hypotheses; but, in spite of all, some faculty enabled them to keep the right path. And this is the more wonderful, because (like our modern wave-theory of light and colour) the atomic hypothesis, in some points, goes altogether contrary to the evidence of the senses. Certainly, it must have been thought startlingly original when first proposed,

nor is it easy to imagine what could have suggested to any man's mind a conception which the senses seem so to contradict. In these points it illustrates the fertile insight of the Greek mind. But, while this theory is accepted as in great part true, Lucretius's deduction from it, the very thing for the sake of which he embraced it so eagerly, is completely false. Instead of the atoms being eternal—a mere assumption—so that the world could make itself, and the existence of a Creator be cut off, they enable us rather to infer from them a Creator, from whom their powers are derived. A famous scientific inquirer in the domain of molecular physics, in a late discourse, even infers from the character of the atoms and the exact "collocation of matter" which they exhibit, the existence of a First Cause, their Maker. Things which are unalterable cannot, he argues, have been formed by any of the processes which we call natural, and since each molecule is exactly similar to all others of the same kind, they bear the character of "manufactured articles," not of that which is eternal and self-existent.*

The poem on "Nature," "*De Rerum Natura*," has an extraneous interest; it is of value for more than the thoughts of Lucretius. If the work of Epicurus, entitled "Concerning Nature," or the other, "Concerning the Atoms and Void," still existed, in which he set forth his theory of atoms, we should go to him as the older and more original source. Not that ever he was its author: the germ of the theory is attributed to Leucippus. It was next taught by Democritus (sometimes called a pupil of Leucippus), who died about B.C. 350, and it was nearly a century later before it was fully developed by Epicurus. The works of the latter two are lost to us, and this most astonishing fruit of ancient thought, which has been adopted and sub-

* (1.) *Lucretius: De Rerum Natura*. Books I. and II.

(2.) *Address delivered before the British Association at Belfast*, by JOHN TYNDALL, President. Longmans. 1874.

(3.) *Molecules: a Lecture delivered before the British Association at Bradford*, by Professor Clerk-Maxwell, F.R.S. 1873.

(4.) *The Mystery of Matter, and other Essays*. By J. ALLANSON PICTON. Macmillan. 1873.

(5.) *The Atomic Theory of Lucretius*. North British Review, Vol. XLVIII.

* Clerk-Maxwell. But, according to Professor Clifford, we have no evidence as yet that the molecules of any given gas are "exactly" of the same weight. Moreover, even if they were, we have no evidence that it is absolutely impossible for molecules of matter to have been evolved out of ether by natural processes. Besides the evolution of organized beings, resulting in a great number of forms, we can conceive, he says, other processes of evolution, resulting in a definite number of forms, such as the chemical elements.—"The First and the Last Catastrophe."

stantiated by modern experimental science, is to be found fully described only in Lucretius's poem. He has followed Epicurus closely, as coincidences with the letters of Epicurus, preserved by Diogenes, make very plain. He has added perhaps nothing really new to the theory: his contribution to it is only a most eloquent and plain exposition of what he found in Epicurus. One great aim of Lucretius's poem was to set forth the scientific truth of the time, and its value in the eyes of science now lies in its full and exact statement of an ancient theory, which the latest experiments confirm. This it is which at present gives Lucretius so special an interest.

The history of the atomic theory in modern times is well known. The name of the chemist in whose hands it acquired a new force is now inseparably associated with it. Dalton assumed the existence of atoms, conjectured that the weight of the atoms making up each element is constant, assigned different specific weights to the different kinds of atoms, discovered the laws according to which they combine, and thus founded his celebrated atomic theory. So important were these discoveries and their results that Dalton has earned the title of the "Father of Modern Chemistry." The progress of chemical knowledge during the last century has been vitally connected with the hypothesis that there are such things as atoms, ultimate particles of matter, and its developments, nor is its value, as concerns fresh discovery, yet exhausted. In 1873 a well-known chemist, the president of the British Association, asked, in the course of his address, "What is the meaning of the great activity shown at present in chemistry?" He answered the question thus: "Chemists are examining the combining properties of atoms, and getting clearer views of the constitution of matter." Some of our readers may be surprised to find how similar the atom, as described by Lucretius, is to the modern chemical atom.

Professor Fleeming Jenkin, of Edinburgh, has gone over all Lucretius's statements in his first and second books as to the constitution of matter, and has shown that they are either certainly true, or else

that they foreshadow the truth. Therefore the theory, as its old discoverers held it, has more than a mere historical interest. Professor Jenkin's article on "The Atomic Theory of Lucretius" is both thorough and original; and in endeavouring to realize what Lucretius's theory of atoms was, and to understand how it enabled him to look upon nature and practically to grasp its force, the student is greatly aided by it. We shall go over Lucretius's propositions one by one, giving, at the same time, their modern equivalents, much as Professor Jenkin has done, also pointing out where we dissent from him, particularly with regard to the motion of the atoms. Professor Clerk-Maxwell's wonderful lecture on molecules, in which he describes the modern atom, will also help us. Unscientific readers will remember at once with what a thrill of discovery they read it, and how they seemed to themselves to follow a daring guide far into the region of the unknown. The views of modern science with regard to the process of evolution, the origination of life, and the character of matter, as illustrated by Tyndall's presidential address, will enable us to realize more definitely, by comparison, what Lucretius's actual creed on these points was. Both Lucretius and Tyndall advocate evolution: it is only to be expected that Tyndall's line of argument should be the more complete of the two.

Before beginning to set forth his philosophy in due order, Lucretius expresses in the strongest way his obligations to his master: "When human life lay, shamefully grovelling upon earth, crushed down under the weight of Religion, who showed her face from heaven, frowning upon mortals from on high with awful aspect, a man of Greece was the first who ventured to lift mortal eyes to her face, and the first to withstand her openly." Neither stories of the gods nor the thunders of heaven could make him afraid, but rather spurred him on, says the poet, to burst the bars of nature and find her secret. "Therefore the living force of his soul prevailed, and he passed out far beyond the flaming walls of the world,* and traversed in mind

* What would Lucretius have said to the spectrum

the boundless universe, whence he returns, a conqueror, to tell us what can be and what cannot be; in short, on what principle each thing has its properties defined and its deep-set boundary-mark. *Wherefore religion is put beneath our feet and trampled on in turn; us his victory raises to heaven.*"

There is a boundless pity in the words describing the misery of men owing to the dominion of superstition — the same pity and enthusiasm for humanity that has made saints and philanthropists in all ages, from Saint Francis to Robert Owen (though, perhaps, there was more of the latter in the constitution of Lucretius). But we have quoted the passage to show what Epicurus was to Lucretius. Elsewhere he designates him a god; the popular deities, he says, are small compared with him. It is characteristic of the poet that, believing in no God whose help could avail mankind, he set up for worship the best thing that he could find, — a heroic man. But Lucretius is far more in earnest than he whom he delights to call his master. We cannot help questioning whether Epicurus would have approved of Lucretius's fervour even in the way of gratitude to himself. Was so great earnestness, even in the cause of his own philosophy, consistent with the calm and passionless tranquillity which the wise should seek? — This passage, moreover, gives the keynote for the whole poem. It is science *for the sake of theology* that is here treated.

The first two books contain a number of propositions as to the qualities of the atoms, exactly what is denominated in our text-books the *properties of matter*.

The first proposition is that "nothing is ever begotten out of nothing by divine power." This outset is science and theology mingled, and it is, in this, characteristic of his whole work. "Men see many phenomena take place in earth and heaven, the causes of which they cannot

understand, and therefore believe them to be done by divine power." But I will show, says Lucretius, how all things are done "without the hand of the gods." Fer- vently, and with submission, as Lucretius realized the order of nature, the notion of deities *interfering* therewith must have seemed to him mean indeed. This, his first principle, holds true invariably of matter once created, as we daily observe it, and is assumed in every scientific treatise of to-day. By it Lucretius means to express that the laws of nature are constant, that phenomena take place according to well-defined laws, and that nothing happens without a cause for it in nature. His illustrations of the principle show that, at any rate, he had distinctly grasped the fact of law as few, or perhaps none, in his day can have done. This is the meaning of his modern-sounding phrases about the "law of nature." "It is absolutely decreed," he says, "what each thing can do and what it cannot do, according to the conditions of nature." Indeed, on this principle of the constancy of law, his whole philosophy is based. It need not be pointed out that this conception of the regularity and orderly sequence of natural phenomena is the first thing indispensable towards a scientific view of nature. (But Lucretius's mistake on this point is the same as that of modern scientific men, — that, if anything is said to be done by the hand of God, if, for example, He answers prayer, thereby "a law is broken." "If, in consequence of prayer, external nature can be affected," says the man of science, "natural laws are thus at the mercy of man's volition, and no conclusion founded on their permanence is worthy of our confidence."*) So, to Lucretius, definite physical laws and the hand of God, acting in the world, seemed absolute contradictions.)

Our space will allow us only to name the next four propositions. The second, which completes the first, is that "nothing is ever annihilated, but all things on their dissolution go back into the first bodies," that is, matter is imperishable. The third states the existence of void, but for which

analysis, by which the chemist can literally pass beyond the "flaming walls of the world" (that is, the fiery circuit of ether forming our heavens), and bring us tidings from the distant stars? Wonderful, indeed, he would have thought it; but he would have valued it most if it could have aided him in any way to prove that the gods have not created either the world or man, and are powerless whether for good or evil.

* See Tyndall's essay on "Prayer and Natural Law."

motion would be impossible. The next two are that all nature is made up of atoms and void, and that nothing else but matter and void exists.

We come now to the most interesting part of Lucretius's system. The next proposition conducts us to the atom. "Some bodies," says the poet, "are first-beginnings of things, the remaining bodies are formed from a union of first-beginnings." These first-beginnings of things are the Lucretian atoms. He also calls them "shapes," as they are conceived to differ from each other in form, "first principles" (*elementa*), "matter" as that from which things are made, "bodies" or "seeds" of things. Anticipating a little, we may here try exactly to picture to ourselves an atom as Lucretius conceives it. It is a little hard kernel, perfectly solid and indestructible. "The first-beginnings of things no force can quench; they are sure to get the victory over it by their solid body." Experience can give us no notion of such solidity. Everything we see around us in the world, however strong it may appear, — iron, stone, brass, — is yet destructible. Reason alone forces us to believe that the atoms are not. Ordinary bodies have all void within them; but first bodies are perfectly solid. Without void "nothing can be either crushed or broken up or cut in two" (*nec findi in bina secundo*, Lucretius, who nowhere uses the word *atom*, by these words exactly translates the Greek *ἀτομος*). Without void, a thing cannot admit within it the destroyers, wet or cold or fire. Therefore the atoms, being impenetrable and indivisible, are indestructible. Lucretius is fond of calling them "strong in their solid singleness." This is the most characteristic epithet which he gives them. Each atom is a distinct, separate individual. Matter cannot be divided farther, after you have reduced it to a collection of these individuals. Their "singleness" (which means their distinctness of separate existence or individuality) is their strength. Though they enter into infinite fresh combinations, "though stricken by countless blows through eternity," they cannot be worn away. They are as perfect and fresh to-day as when the world was new. Each atom is perfectly hard, unchangeable and everlasting. (Of the more accessory properties of matter it is proved that Lucretius assumes them to be elastic.)

As to the composition of this little kernel, though extremely small, it yet has parts; each of these parts is "of a least

nature," so small that it never has existed separate by itself, and will at no future time be able so to exist, since by its very nature it is a part of the other. These parts appear to be quite identical with one another. Each part is a *minimum*: nothing can be smaller than this and yet exist. These parts have existed from eternity side by side in the atom; "in a close-wedged mass they fill up the composition of the first body." "The first-beginnings are not compounded from the union of those parts, but are to be considered strong in everlasting singleness." Lucretius appears to have thought three the smallest number of parts that an atom could have. Apparently he seems to have conceived each "part" as representing an angle or corner,* so that an atom with three parts would appear to be a three-cornered or three-sided figure. As to shape, the atoms are not every one of them "possessed of an equal size and like shape with one another." They differ widely in form. Some are smaller. "The subtle fire of lightning is formed of smaller shapes," and can pass through openings better than "this our fire, which is born of wood and sprung from pine." Light is formed of smaller atoms than those of horn, and can therefore pass through it. Some atoms have hooks by which they are fastened together, and come closer to each other. Hard things, like diamond, basalt, iron, are formed of such atoms. Slow-flowing oil may have its atoms "larger or more hooked and intertangled" than those of wine. In general, things which gratify the senses are formed of smooth and round atoms; whatever is painful and harsh, its elements are more hooked and rough. Again, "Some elements are with justice thought to be neither smooth nor altogether hooked with curved points, but rather to have very small angles slightly projecting, so that they can rather tickle than hurt the senses," for example, tartar of wine and elecampane. Apparently Lucretius supposes the different shapes of the atoms to result altogether from the position in which the least parts are placed within each. "Every different arrangement of the parts yields a different manner of form of the atom." But there is a limit to these differences: the number of shapes is finite, but the atoms of each shape are infinite in number.† Epi-

* See the note on Book I., line 600, in Munro's "Lucretius," third edition, 1873.

† In stating this, Lucretius supposes an atom formed of three least parts, and adds that "you may increase

curus held that the number of different shapes, though not infinite, was inconceivably great. Lucretius merely proves that it must be finite. As to size, we must keep well in mind that the atom, as Lucretius conceived it, is a very tiny body. "The whole nature of the first-beginnings," he says, "lies far beneath the ken of sense." Early in the first book he proves, by illustrations to which we shall afterwards refer, that "nature works by bodies which are invisible." This is why he so often uses the epithet "blind," that is, invisible, of the atoms and their movements. But he insists emphatically that the atoms are not infinitely small. Most likely Lucretius never thought of realizing the size of his atom. Sir William Thomson says that if a drop of water could be magnified to the size of our globe, the molecules composing it would appear to be of a size varying from that of shot to that of billiard-balls. According to Clerk-Maxwell about two million molecules of hydrogen placed in a row would occupy .039 of an inch, and a million million million of them would weigh something more or less than seventy grains troy. We question whether Lucretius would have assented to his atoms being rated at so small a size as this. In conclusion, Lucretius denies to the atoms all secondary qualities, which he sharply distinguishes from essential properties. They are colourless. They are not white or black or azure because existing things are white or black or azure. All colours can change into other colours, but that which changes is perishable, therefore the atoms are not endowed with colour. It is possible for us to conceive atoms colourless, just as "men who are born blind can yet recognize bodies by touch, though from the first they have never been associated in their minds with colour." Neither have they sound, or scent, or warmth, or cold. All such qualities belong to things which are perishable; but "they must all be withdrawn from the first-beginnings, if we wish to assign for existing things imperishable foundations, for the safety of the universe to rest upon, that you may not have things returning altogether to nothing." Lastly, the atoms are void of sense — mere dead matter. Thus all their characteristics are here summed up. This, then, is the Lucretian atom, tiny yet so strong; after it

them by a few more." These words may be meant literally or not. It is calculated that from three parts six different shapes might be derived, from four twenty-four, from five 120, from six 720, from seven 5,040.

has taken part in innumerable combinations, which have been formed and broken up and formed again, it remains fresh and perfect as ever.

It is interesting to know what was the reasoning by which Lucretius arrived at the result of ultimate atoms and their properties. He gives nine or ten arguments to prove either that there are atoms "of solid singleness," or that the atoms are indestructible: merely two forms of expressing the same statement. His reasoning is somewhat as follows: —

In the first place, he holds that, admitting the existence of matter and void, each of these must of necessity exist "by itself and unmixed." For, wherever void is, there matter cannot be; and wherever body is, there void cannot be. That is to say, from the existence of void, absolutely empty space, Lucretius infers the existence of its opposite, the not-void, perfectly solid matter. Again, things, it is admitted, have all void within them; but how could they hold it in and continue to keep it within them, unless their substance was perfectly solid, pure, unmixed matter? Thirdly, having no void within them, the atoms must be indestructible. (It is here — in its perfect solidity — that Lucretius's atom differs most from that of modern chemists, who, as Professor Clifford says, explain the hardness of solid matter "by the very rapid motion of something which is infinitely soft and yielding." Lucretius has no notion of this.) He argues next that, admitting solid atoms, you can explain the existence of soft bodies, such as air, water, earth, by the admixture of void; but if your atoms are destructible and soft, how can the existence of hard bodies be explained? Moreover, Lucretius is persuaded that, as Professor Jenkin puts it, there is an immense "wear and tear going on" in nature; if the atoms were at all frail, "it is not consistent that they could have continued from eternity, though stricken and tossed about eternally by countless blows." To sustain these fearful shocks, the strain of eternal combinations from atoms to things, and dissolutions from things back to atoms — "under that strong pressure within the very jaws of death," Lucretius says — there must be indestructible first-beginnings.

The sixth reason is an important one. We give it at more length, and in the poet's own words: "Had nature set no limit to the breaking of things, the bodies of matter would by this time have been reduced so far by the breaking of past

time, that nothing could be conceived out of them and reach its full growth within a fixed time." "But now, without a doubt, a limit has been set to their breaking, and abides sure, *since we see each thing produced afresh, and, at the same time, well-defined periods fixed for things, each after its kind, to reach the flower of their age.*"

That is to say, we see in all the productions of nature that matter obeys definite unchanging laws; therefore, in order to produce these regular results, the ultimate basis of matter must be definite and unchangeable. Thus Lucretius deduces this property of the atoms from his great principle of law in nature, as illustrated by the regular periods within which growth and life go on. Lucretius justly feels the last to be a strong argument, and he repeats it in a slightly varied form: "Since nothing is changed, but all things are so constant that the different kinds of birds, all without intermission, exhibit on their body the distinctive marks of their species, they must, without doubt, also have their bodies formed of unchangeable matter. *For if the first-beginnings of things could in any way be vanquished and changed, it would then be uncertain what could and what could not spring into being; in short, on what principle each thing has its properties fixed, and its deep-set boundary mark; nor could the generations so often reproduce, each after its kind, the nature, habits, way of life, and motions of the parents.*" Thus he again deduces the properties of the invisible atoms from the character of existing things which we can see,—for do not these represent the powers of the atoms? From the constancy of all the phenomena of nature (as illustrated by the distinctive marks, habits, and motions of various species), he infers that the atoms are unchangeable. Lastly, if nature allowed of division beyond the atom, if matter were infinitely divisible, then nothing could be reproduced out of such least parts, because particles which are infinitely small "cannot have the properties which birth-giving matter ought to have." Exactly to the same effect Clerk-Maxwell says: "We do not assert that there is an absolute limit to the divisibility of matter: what we assert is, that after we have divided a body into a certain finite number of constituent parts called molecules, then any further division of these molecules will deprive them of the properties which give rise to the phenomena observed in the substance."

Professor Sellar, in his admirable work on Lucretius, says, somewhat heedlessly

—surely by a mere slip of the pen—"The hypothesis of the atoms is thus seen to be, in the first place, a mere guess." We think that hardly any one, who has read attentively the above abstract of Lucretius's argument, will agree to the statement that his atomic theory is but "a guess."

This theory of Lucretius that there really are such things as atoms, ultimate indivisible particles of matter, is now accepted. The modern chemist, too, believes, like Lucretius, in a limited number of different atoms, from each of which he supposes an elementary chemical substance to be composed. It is indeed strange to think what could have first suggested to any man's mind a theory so different from what the senses tell us. It has been thought by some a mere guess, suggested by the sight of the sunbeam kindling the countless motes afloat in the air. Lucretius's arguments prove at once that this cannot be. It is indeed possible that at sight of the motes in the sunbeam the thought, hovering unformed in the mind of the first discoverer, took distinct shape and expression, since the outer world always helps us to give form to our thought. A single glance at the principal reasons by which modern science has arrived at the atom, enables us to see how just Lucretius's reasoning was. We may give the general principle in Newton's own words: "All things considered, it seems probable that God, in the beginning, formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable particles, of such sizes, figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportions to space, as most conduced to the end for which he formed them." "While the same particles continue entire, they may compose bodies of one and the same texture in all ages; but should they wear away or break in pieces, the nature of things depending on them would be changed. Water and earth composed of old, worn-out particles would not be of the same nature and texture now with water and earth composed of entire particles in the beginning. And, therefore, that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in various separations, and new associations and motions of these permanent particles."

Therefore the song of nature over her task is,—

No ray is gone, no atom worn,

My oldest force is good as new,

And the fresh rose on yonder thorn

Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

If it were not so, were there not inde-

stricable atoms, the rose that opened its dewy leaves to the sun this morning could not be as fresh and pure and fragrant as the first rose that ever opened its petals on this earth; sunlight and air could not be as bright and fresh, the human form as fair, all the world as beautiful, life as keen, and the longing in the heart of the youth to enjoy existence to the full as strong as it was a thousand years ago. Lucretius saw as clearly as Newton did that, while the atoms hold fresh and unalterably "strong in their everlasting singleness," though the bodies they compose should waste away, still, completely fresh and new ones, as strong and as perfect, may be formed when they unite again. The laws of chemical combination and the spectroscope furnish also two most powerful arguments, but are only special applications of the same general principle which Lucretius realized so clearly, and would, as such, have been welcomed warmly by him. That principle is, that "if matter really obeys definite, unchangeable laws, the ultimate materials employed to make matter must themselves be definite and unchangeable."

Having arrived at the atom, Lucretius proceeds to discuss rival theories. He sees very clearly where all systems that conflict with his own are defective, but space will allow us to refer only to his elaborate and vigorous refutation of Anaxagoras. One doctrine of Anaxagoras, adopted by the peripatetics, was in direct hostility to his own theory. In combating it, Lucretius defends the Epicurean side in a controversy of the day. Anaxagoras and the peripatetics held that the parts of a body are in every respect similar to the whole; that flesh is formed of minute flesh, blood of minute drops of blood, earth of minute earths, gold or water of minute particles of gold or water. This doctrine (with other similar ones) was called in later times *Homoioiomeia*, that is the "likeness of parts (to the whole)." It is not hard to see why the atomic theory is at enmity with this. If the one holds, the other must utterly fall to the ground. Suppose you take a grain of earth and divide it again and again. So long as the parts are visible, they possess properties similar to the whole grain. They are still recognizable as earth. Even after the parts are so small as to be no longer visible, we can still conceive of the process being carried on by some finer instrument. The question then occurs, can this subdivision be repeated forever? The atomists answer, "It cannot." After it

has been divided a certain number of times you will come to parts extremely small, which are impenetrable, no longer divisible, things which cannot be cut, that is to say, atoms. According to Anaxagoras, on the other hand, this process may be repeated forever. Every smallest subdivision of the grain of earth is still like the whole grain, and you may repeat the process of division without ever coming to an end. Thus the two doctrines were in direct hostility. In the remainder of the first book Lucretius proves that both matter and space are infinite. It concludes with these words to the disciple who will earnestly ponder his teaching: "One thing shall grow clear after another, nor shall the blind night rob thee of the road that thou see not to the full the secret ways of nature: so truly will one thing light the torch for another."

The second book begins with the well-known lines, *Suave, mari magno*, —

'Tis pleasant, when the seas are rough, to stand,
And see another's danger, safe at land.*

Of course Lucretius hastens to explain that this is "not because it is delightful or a pleasure at all that any one should be in distress, but because it is sweet to see dangers from which you yourself are free. It is sweet, too, to see great armies arrayed on the plains struggling in combat without yourself sharing in the danger. But," Lucretius continues, "nothing is more pleasant than to occupy the calm high places of philosophy, that are well defended by the learning of the wise, from which you may look down and see others, wandering hither and thither, and going far astray in their search for the way of life, the contest of intellect, the rivalry of rank, the striving night and day with exceeding toil to struggle to the height of power, and be masters of the world. O wretched minds of man! O blind souls! not to see in what darkness of life and in how great dangers is this little term of life spent, not to see that nature demands nothing else than for the body to be free from pain, and the mind to enjoy a sense of pleasure free from care and fear." Of course the "way of life" is that pointed out by Epicurus.

The pleasure described in the first lines of this passage is a somewhat selfish one. It does, indeed, stir the imagination to behold danger from a place of safety far away; but it is only a cowardly, senti-

* Creech.

mental soul that can actually enjoy the sight of danger that it would not face itself. Lucretius, we are convinced, would rather have plunged into the waters to save a life at the cost of his own, than stand passive, enjoying a thrill of poetic sensation at the cost of drowning men. Lord Bacon was unfair in naming this the "Lucretian pleasure:" for Lucretius only uses this as an illustration from which he may pass to the bold figure of the mountain-tops on which the Epicurean stands. There is something very characteristic in the next lines. Sometimes we hear much the same language in our own day from men who have found for themselves new opinions as to God and hereafter, — a new creed different from the creed of other men. Occasionally they look down on the belief of the many with just such a calm and confident disdain as this; but their hearts are not warm enough for the pity which in Lucretius quite overpowers the disdain. With such a creed as Lucretius professed to have found for himself, and with his fervent temper, he must have felt that the mountain-tops, though lofty places of view, were very cold sometimes. At any rate, the rareness of their air could not chill the feeling for humanity in his heart.

Afterwards, in some splendid pictures, Lucretius proceeds to show how little wealth or birth or kingly power can deliver men from care and fear. Reason alone can do this. But all this time the atoms have been waiting, and, with a "*Nunc age*," Lucretius recalls his reader to the subject.

The second book contains, as Professor Jenkin remarks, what may be called the kinetics of the atomic theory. In it Lucretius promises to treat of the *motion* of the atoms. The book opens with the proposition that matter does not "cohere inseparably massed together." It is always in motion — coming and going. This he infers from the continual change in the world, by which individuals alter and perish while yet the whole world remains the same. The cause of these changes, what we should call the energy of the universe, Lucretius holds to be the atoms in motion. The only ultimate form of energy which Lucretius recognizes is the motion of the atoms. His next proposition is to the effect that the atoms can never stop. "No rest is given to the bodies of the first-beginnings." After they have come into collision with one another, they cannot either come to a stop or move more slowly, — they rebound in opposite direc-

tions, keeping their original velocity. In this it is of course implied that the atoms are elastic. Professor Jenkin has criticised Lucretius very acutely here. He shows that if the atoms were not elastic, "they must gradually slacken speed after striking and rebounding, stop for an inconceivably short time, and then gradually resume their pace in an opposite direction." If they rebound, before moving on again they must stop. Modern science explains that, even if they do stop, their energy yet remains unchanged, for the former energy of motion is now transformed into heat, vibration, or some other form of energy. It will be remembered that Lucretius's atoms have no secondary properties, but only hardness and, as he assumes, elasticity. But in a perfectly hard body such as he conceives, motion cannot be transformed into heat or anything else. We now know that a body which is perfectly hard is not elastic. Lucretius did not know this. His atoms must have come to a stop, and this "would be equivalent to the destruction of matter." The next proposition has been anticipated at the end of the first book, where it is rather implied than actually stated. It is that the atoms, as combined in various bodies, are in motion; they "mutually give and receive motions." As Professor Jenkin says, "Probably the reason why he does not state the proposition as a dogma by itself is, that the proof could not as yet be given." He farther develops this as accounting for the different densities of various bodies. In some bodies the atoms rebound, leaving smaller intervals; in others they leave larger. In a mass of iron or stone, the atoms are entangled with one another, and can only throb or oscillate, moving to and fro within very small distances; in softer bodies, like air or sunlight, the atoms rebound at greater intervals. We gather also a deduction from the last proposition that the atoms, even when they form such a mass of stone or iron, still move as swiftly as they did when streaming through the void. If some rebound within very small limits, they must move to and fro oftener than those which form more porous bodies. The modern explanation of density, of course, is not merely more molecules within a given space, but perhaps molecules of greater weight also.

It is worth while to pause for a moment to think how remarkable this statement of Lucretius is. A lump of stone or iron certainly does not give to our senses any impression that its particles are in motion:

the piece of inert matter certainly *appears* to be at rest. It is not easy to see what could have suggested to the discoverer a thought so opposite to what the senses tell us. Yet it is accepted by science now as certainly true, both for solid bodies, liquids, and gases. In solids, indeed, these motions of the molecules are confined within very narrow limits, and cannot be detected; yet Professor Tyndall says of the atoms composing the hardest body, when heated, "They collide, they recoil, they oscillate."* According to Maxwell, "the principal difference between a gas and a liquid seems to be that in a gas each molecule spends the greater part of its time in describing its free path, and is for a very small portion of its time engaged in encounters with other molecules; whereas in a liquid the molecule has hardly any free path, and is always in a state of close encounter with other molecules." In both liquids and gases the molecules move more freely than in solid bodies, and the argument drawn from the diffusion of gases and liquids forms one of the strongest proofs of the motion of molecules. How could two different gases mix so very rapidly, unless the molecules composing them were in motion? The molecules of any gas flying about beat against whatever opposes them, and the constant succession of these strokes, according to the atomic theory, explains the pressure of gas. Further, as Maxwell says, "All the three kinds of diffusion, the diffusion of matter, of momentum, and of energy, are carried on by the motion of the molecules." Heat, viewed as a mode of motion, furnishes another argument. Lucretius states that the molecules of bodies are moving with more or less speed. Now if heat be a mode of motion of gross matter, then, as all bodies are more or less hot, the molecules of all bodies must be moving more or less quickly. This is just what Lucretius says, and this statement of his is perhaps his most marvellous anticipation of modern scientific discovery.

Lucretius next points out that the velocity of the atoms passing through the void is immense. Notice, he says, at sunrise, — an Italian sunrise, we must remember, — after the first rays have begun to shoot and the birds to sing in the woods, how soon and how suddenly the heaven is filled with light. Yet the rays of light are formed of countless molecules,

and have to pass through a medium, the air, the molecules being pulled back by each other and hindered by the air. How much more swiftly must the atoms, which are single bodies, stream through the unresisting void? Professor Jenkin remarks that Lucretius "may also have felt that if all the power of the universe depended on the motion of exceedingly small particles, it was necessary to suppose them endowed with great velocity; but we do not find this argument used, although it has led the modern believers in atoms to the conviction that, if their motion does represent energy, their velocity must be enormous. Lucretius would be glad to know that Herapath, Joule, Krönig, Clausius, and Clerk-Maxwell have been able to calculate it."

Dr. Joule calculated the actual velocity of the molecules of hydrogen, and found it to be exceedingly great, at the rate of nearly sixty-nine miles a minute. The velocity of other gases is less. Maxwell has calculated, from the data of Professor Loschmidt of Vienna, the actual velocity of the molecules of four different gases at °C. It is as follows: —

	Carbonic	Carbonic	
	Hydrogen.	Oxygen.	oxide.
	acid.		
Metres per second	1,359	405	497
			396

The molecules of calm air, he says, are flying about in all directions at the rate of about seventeen miles a minute.

If all these molecules were flying in the same direction, they would constitute a wind blowing at the rate of seventeen miles a minute; and the only wind which approaches this velocity is that which proceeds from the mouth of a cannon. How, then, are you and I able to stand here? Only because the molecules happen to be flying in different directions.

But it is not only against us, or against the walls of the room, that the molecules are striking. Consider the immense number of them, and the fact that they are flying in every possible direction, and you will see that they cannot avoid striking each other. Every time that two molecules come into collision, the paths of both are changed, and they go off in new directions. Thus each molecule is continually getting its course altered, so that, in spite of its great velocity, it may be a long time before it reaches any great distance from the point at which it set out.

Again, referring to an experiment with ammonia, he says: —

The molecules of ammonia have a velocity of six hundred metres per second, so that if their course had not been interrupted by striking against the molecules of air in the

* "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People." By John Tyndall. 1871. Page 12.

hall, every one in the most distant gallery would have smelt ammonia before I was able to pronounce the name of the gas. But, instead of going at this rate, each molecule of ammonia is so jostled about by the molecules of air, that it is sometimes going one way and sometimes another. It is like a hare which is always doubling, and though it goes at a great pace, it makes very little progress.*

Maxwell has calculated also the number of collisions which each molecule must undergo in a second. They amount to thousands of millions, and are as follows:—

	Hydrogen.	Oxygen.	Carbonic oxide.	Carbonic acid.
Collisions in a second (millions)	17,750	7,646	9,489	9,720

"No wonder," he observes, "that the travelling power of the swiftest molecule is but small, when its course is completely changed thousands of millions of times in a second." So circumstantially has science developed the thought of Lucretius that the atoms really move with as great velocity when pent in stone as when floating free in the void. In the same lecture Maxwell divides the ultimate results of molecular science into three ranks, "according to the completeness of our knowledge of them." In the first rank he places the relative masses and the velocities of the molecules, which, he says, "are known with a high degree of precision." Other data, which are less precise, he places in the second rank, and others which are, as yet, conjectural in the third. Astonishing, indeed, is this weighing of the atoms and counting their numbers and measuring their speed,—to realize how, after long and patient processes of thought, the atom, hunted in the dark till it has been found, appears at length before the eye of the investigator. Indeed, a triumph of the scientific imagination and intellect! Yet there are one or two of Lucretius's propositions, which have been stated, the fruit of ancient thought unaided by experiment, which seem to us even as wonderful.

Before setting forth what the original motion of the atoms is, Lucretius shows that there is no exception to the universal tendency of gravitation. All motion, relatively to the earth, is downwards. The direction of the atoms is also downwards. Borne by their weight, they fall "straight down" in infinite numbers through infinite space with immense speed. We can fancy the bewildering vision of the falling atoms

haunting the poet's mind both awake and in his dreams. Lucretius, having now arrived at atoms in motion, sees the way clearly to construct the world.

His next proposition is a most remarkable one. In it he suddenly deserts the domain of physics altogether.

"*Illud in his rebus*," Lucretius begins,—a rather prosaic phrase, of which he is fond when he wishes to call special attention to some point of the argument:—

This point of the subject we desire you to apprehend that when atoms are borne straight downwards through the void by their own weights, at quite uncertain times and uncertain places, they push themselves a little from their course, only just so much that you can call it a change of inclination. If they were not wont to swerve thus, they would fall down all, like drops of rain, through the deep void, and no clashing could have been begotten, nor any collision produced, among the first-beginnings: thus nature never would have produced anything.

He continues: if any one believes (as did Democritus) that atoms can come into contact through the heavier falling more quickly and striking the lighter, "he goes far astray from true reason." This is no substitute for declination. It would be so, indeed, did the atoms fall through water or air, which offer more resistance to the lighter than they do the heavier. Empty void, on the other hand, cannot offer resistance to anything, and, therefore, things of unequal weight fall through it with equal velocity. Had Lucretius known it, he would have quoted the modern experiment showing the resistance of the atmosphere,—a guinea and a feather dropped from the top of a receiver, exhausted of air, and falling to the foot at the same instant. Again, he defines the amount of this inclination more specially as "not more than the least possible." No one, he says, can positively state that falling bodies do not "swerve at all from a straight line." According to Epicurus, and, as Munro believes,* according to Lucretius also, the results of the collisions among the atoms produced by this declination is that they are forced in an upward direction, whether perpendicularly or obliquely upwards. "Both Epicurus and Lucretius conceived the rising-up of the atoms in a direction more or less contrary to the only natural motion, as that which enabled things to come into being

* "Molecules." A lecture by Professor Clerk-Maxwell. 1873.

* See his notes on lines 1000 and 1044. The declination itself is not in an upward direction. For a falling body to move straight up is rather a violent alteration of its course.

and remain in being." As the natural motion of the atoms is downwards, every kind of upward motion would have an upholding power, and enable things to maintain their existence. "This swerving," says Professor Jenkin, "seems but a silly fancy, and yet consider this: it is a principle of mechanics that a force acting at right angles to the direction in which a body is moving does no work, although it may continually and continuously alter the direction in which the body moves. No power, no energy, is required to deflect a bullet from its path, provided the deflecting force acts always at right angles to that path—an apparent paradox, which is, nevertheless, quite true and familiar to the engineer. It is clear to us that Epicurus, when he devised his doctrine of a little swerving from the straight path of an atom, had an imperfect perception of this mechanical doctrine; a little swerving would bring his atoms into contact, and a modern mechanician would tell him you require no power to make them swerve." It may be so. The Greek mind had marvellous intuitions. An observant man could hardly have failed to notice that exceedingly little force is required slightly to deflect from its path a thing which is already in motion. Yet we can hardly think that Epicurus had such an idea in his mind: was it not rather an exceedingly simple, yet most original, solution of the difficulty,—given an infinite number of atoms, moving all in parallel lines, falling straight downwards and never touching one another, how to make them meet and combine, that they may create the world? This least possible declination, so little that it was hardly moving from the straight line, was sufficient and answered every need. There could be no simpler solution of a difficulty.

Professor Jenkin finds two inconsistencies in this part of Lucretius's theory. Firstly, as to the downward motion of the atoms, it is plain that "Lucretius unconsciously assumed the world as his basis by which to measure direction and velocity." The second objection (which Munro has quoted, apparently with approval) is a more important one. We have stated that Lucretius sought for an explanation of the power of the universe in the velocity of his atoms. But atoms pouring downward all at one speed, and in parallel lines, could really be no source of power. "Motion in mechanics has no meaning except as denoting a change of relative position." But it would be impossible for these atoms ever to change

their relative position; they would never be nearer, and could never be more distant from each other than before. Lucretius's atoms are all, relatively to one another, perfectly still and motionless. "Atoms pouring onward, as imagined by our author, could be no source of power." This fact, taken by itself, is of course undeniable. Again, he says of the atoms of Democritus (which moved to and fro in all directions indifferently), "One atom might then exert its force on another, but the Lucretian atoms would have remained in profound stillness, *except for that occasional swerve*." But are all these remarks justified? Lucretius, of course, saw that his atoms, in their original downward movement, were relatively motionless. No collision could then take place among them. The truth is that Lucretius never conceived an atom as acting on another in any way beyond the declination and but for it. Professor Jenkin writes as if Lucretius's theory assumed or implied that the atoms could combine or act on one another even without declination. Now, surely, Lucretius* states emphatically that but for declination, the atoms would never have touched each other, and "nature never have produced aught." The number of atoms being infinite, Lucretius saw that the slightest declension must produce innumerable collisions. In these collisions, of course, the whole velocity of the atoms comes into action, and they thus develop an ample "source of power." The Lucretian atoms are driven about, and move to and fro even more freely than did those of Democritus. The illustration of the motes in the sunbeam is used to express faintly with what restless and promiscuous motion they dash about. The swerve *does* universally change their relative position. This is just the force of it, and Lucretius (whether reasonably or not) thought this quite sufficient as a means to bring his atoms into contact. Whether it be sufficient or not, he is not inconsistent with himself in this.

But Lucretius has a double purpose in this swerving. Firstly, the mere fact of declination is enough to bring his atoms into contact. In the second place, it will be noticed that he carefully qualifies this declination: it takes place—"incerto tempore ferme incertisque locis"—at quite "uncertain times and uncertain spots." He has a reason for so doing. This is solely for the sake of meeting an impor-

* Lines 216-224.

tant philosophical question, over which controversy raged as fiercely in Lucretius's day as it has done in our own — the question of free-will as opposed to fate and necessity. Epicurus emphatically maintained the doctrine of free-will in opposition to Heraclitus, Democritus, and most of the stoics, who held an everlasting and inexorable necessity, and denied the existence of individual self-will. We must take the forty lines* in which Lucretius discusses this as the product of a philosophical controversy as fierce and voluminous as any that have raged in our own day, or been discussed in the pages of our philosophical reviews — the mystery ever dark and discussion ever fresh. We hear the clash of the combatants weapons as we read this short notice containing a phrase or two of decidedly controversial coinage: "Again, if all motion is always linked together, and a new motion always arises from the old in a fixed order, and if the first-beginnings do not swerve, and by so doing produce some commencement of motion to break through the decrees of fate, that cause may not from everlasting follow cause — if it be not so, how do all living things upon the earth possess this power? how, I ask, has the power been wrested from the fates by which we go forward whither the will leads each one of us, and likewise alter the direction of our motions (*declinamus motus*, the same word which he uses of the atoms), at no fixed time nor fixed place, but just as our mind has prompted?" When some force outside is pushing us on, there is still "something within our breast" which enables us to struggle against and resist it. "Therefore," he concludes, "you must admit that the same thing occurs in atoms too, that, besides the blows (of the atoms in collision) and their gravity, there is another cause of our movements, out of which this power of free action has been begotten within us; and a cause there must be since we see that nothing can come from nothing. . . . But that the mind itself does not feel an eternal necessity in all its actions, and is not overpowered after a struggle, so to say, and compelled to bear this coercion and endure it, this is caused by a minute swerving in the first-beginnings at no fixed place or time."

This power in the atoms corresponds to free-will action in men and animals; and in the conception of Lucretius it is the cause of it. Professor Jenkin here sug-

gests the alternative that, instead of permitting atoms to deflect their path at will, Epicurus might have given to man the power of deflecting the stream of circumstance. He says forcibly, —

The atoms may, as Democritus believed, build up a huge mechanical structure, each wheel of which drives its neighbour in one long inevitable sequence of causation; but you may assume that beyond this ever-grinding wheelwork there exists a power not subject to, but partly master of, the machine; you may believe that man possesses such a power, and if so, no better conception of the manner of its action could be devised than the idea of its deflecting the atoms in their onward path to the right or left of that line in which they would naturally move. The will, if it so acted, would add nothing sensible to, nor take anything sensible from, the energy of the universe. The modern believer in free-will will probably adopt this view, which is certainly consistent with observation, although not proved by it. Such a power of moulding circumstances, of turning the torrent to the right, where it shall fertilize; or to the left, where it shall overwhelm; but in no wise of arresting the torrent, adding nothing to it, taking nothing from it — such is precisely the apparent action of man's will.

Epicurus, accepting the atomic theory with all its assumed consequences, thought himself compelled from his point of view, either to accept necessity (as Democritus had done) or to endow his atoms with free-will, exercised not constantly, but at uncertain intervals. The latter is of course an absurdity. Yet it is not every one who would have thought of freeing himself from a difficulty in such a way, or would have had the courage to assign free-will to atoms.

The last proposition which we shall quote from Lucretius is, that matter was never more or less dense than it is now, and that the atoms have always moved, and always will move, with the same velocity; and because there is nothing else outside and beyond the atoms, nothing can alter the sum of things, "what we should call the energy of the universe." "This proposition," says Professor Jenkin, "foreshadows the doctrine of conservation of energy. It is clear that Lucretius conceived two things as quite constant: atoms were neither created nor destroyed, and their motion could neither be created nor destroyed. He believed that each atom kept its velocity unaltered. The modern doctrine is that the total energy of the universe is constant, but may be variously distributed, and is possibly due to motion alone ultimately, though this last

* Lines 251-293

point has not been yet proved." "If matter in motion be conceived as the sole ultimate form of energy, *Lucretius must be allowed great merit in having taught that the motion of matter was as indestructible as its material existence*, although he knew neither the laws of momentum nor of *vis viva*. If energy, as he believed, be due solely to motion, then his doctrine is true." Thus, in the concluding proposition, Lucretius states that force is indestructible.

We have now enumerated the whole series of propositions containing Lucretius's atomic theory. His scientific style is admirably simple; its simplicity and plainness convey the impression of good faith. Our space will not allow us to refer to any of the illustrations which break the severity of the argument. Apart from their beauty of conception, they have, in many cases, a scientific value: they show, according to Tyndall, that Lucretius had a strong "scientific imagination."

Thus far Lucretius carries us with wonderful coherence. But, after following him as our guide so far, we now come to a gap in his theory, indeed a bottomless chasm over which he has thrown no bridge. With a single leap he passes from the whirling atoms to the world with all its life, beauty, and order, but hardly a word as to *how* the atoms have produced it, how the supreme result is reached. Sellar says: "He may, as was natural, have failed in adequately conceiving the transition from the fortuitous concourse of lifeless atoms to the exuberant life and perfect order of the world:" perhaps it might be more correct to say he almost totally omits any attempt to show how this could take place. The intricate and countless movements of the clashing atoms, the combinations into which they fell in the course of their perpetual motion from eternity have produced this *machina mundi*, the world, elaborate machine that it is. All the life upon it has resulted from the complicated motions and collisions of these hard little kernels. For sole answer to the question, "How can this take place?" Lucretius gives a few vague hints. "Truly not by design have the first-beginnings of things stationed themselves each in their proper places by sage consideration, nor have they made agreement what motions they should each assume. "Not so in truth, the cause is that they are many in number, and have shifted in changes many all the universe over. They have been driven together and tormented by constant shocks from all eternity. After trying in this way motions and unions of every

kind, they fall at length into the arrangements out of which this world of ours has been formed, and by which too it has been preserved in being through many cycles, when once it has been thrown into the fitting motions." This passage contains Lucretius's whole account of evolution, certainly a short one. Of course, he has no protoplasm to bridge over the gulf between dead atoms and living beings. In fact, it seems never to have entered his mind that any reasonable man should doubt that atoms, if they do exist, moving in the way he described, would in the course of time produce life. Again, on the subject of the variety in nature, the fact that all the individuals of the same kind differ in their appearance, Lucretius does endeavour in a vague way to account for it. In the first place, the atoms are not all the same, but vary in form; and things which differ from one another are composed of atoms of unlike shape. Secondly, the atoms admit of many modes of combination, and things in general are composed of more than one kind of atoms. Lucretius often repeats the formula,—"It matters much with what others and in what position the atoms are severally held in union, and what motions they mutually give and receive." Its meaning is that the differences between all bodies are accounted for by differences in the mutual relations of the atoms. They differ in their

Intervalla, vias, connexus, pondera, plagas,
Concursus, motus,

in the spaces between them, their passages, manners of being linked together, weights, collisions, clashings, motions." By their differences in shape, motion, and arrangement, the various degrees of colour, sound, scent are produced. Just as the same letters in different arrangements produce words of entirely different meaning, so the same atoms, in different relations as to order, motion, etc., may produce things of quite opposite qualities, such as fire and air. Again, life apparently depends upon the regular continuance of certain movements of the atoms. A blow produces death by altering the positions of the atoms, and "entirely stopping the vital motions." In fact, Lucretius conceives life as a "mode of motion."

But, after attentively receiving these suggestions, the reader asks, "How do the variously-shaped atoms combine so as to produce objects at all? How have they arranged themselves in such marvel-

lous order? After they have united, how is the regularity of their movements kept up?" To these questions he attempts no answer. In fact, Epicureanism compelled its convert to swallow this dogma without explanation. But how can this fact be accounted for? Simply in this way,—that the scientific mind of Lucretius's day pretty generally accepted atoms as sufficient to prove that the world was not created by God, and that it went on without either guidance or interference by Deity: much as the scientific mind of the nineteenth century (though far more competent to judge) takes for granted that some other hypothesis, such as evolution, could science prove it, *must* imply certain important consequences as to morals or religion, the connection between the theory and the result to be proved is overleaped. So the Epicurean argued, if once you allow that *atoms* exist, *ergo*, it must follow that the world made itself. At the same time, after considering it closely, the theory appears to us somewhat more plausible. At the cost of what to our modern eyes appear painful inconsistencies, it contains some provisions which are tolerably pliant, and seem a little more adequate to the assumed results. An atom that is possessed of volition, and can alter its direction at will, is certainly intelligent; or (since Lucretius flatly denies that atoms are intelligent) it is as good for our purpose as if it were so; it acts as if it were intelligent. When Lucretius assumes that atoms can swerve from their path the least distance possible, it seems a very small thing. Beyond question, if an atom could have free-will, as far as one could imagine, this is just the use it would make of it. It certainly could not use a will of its own in a more modest or less objectionable way. But in reality, a great deal is granted by this. Besides, as Sellar mentions, the words used by Lucretius to denote atoms, such as *semina*, *semina rerum*, *genitalia corpora rerum*, "seeds," "seeds of things," "particles which beget things," really imply a productive power residing in them. Another word applied to them by Lucretius is a very remarkable one, and most unusual as employed to denote things without life, namely *concilium*. At first sight it would appear that this word must have conveyed to a Roman ear the meaning of "an assembly" of living beings, its common sense, and indeed a rather startling image. But on consideration we find the meaning expressed by it to be very much stronger than this. This word, constantly used to

denote the atoms meeting together to form things, bears apparently its other sense, of "generative union," and is thus a vivid metaphor from living creatures. This and other phrases * show that in Lucretius's conception the atoms possessed decided faculties of mutual combination and co-operative productiveness. Lucretius appears also to have conceived the atoms as attracted strongly towards each other, as if by some notion of molecular attraction.†

We now get a truer conception of what the atoms really are. They are not like motes in the sunbeam merely, or the drops in a shower of rain. As we can now imagine them, they are rather like the crowd pouring through the streets of a great city, every individual of which lives and has a will of his own to direct his course, or to turn from the path of the rest as he desires. If we conceive an atom as able to turn to the right or the left at will (and atoms of discretion will, of course, do this on the most necessary and suitable occasions), there is, perhaps, no very great difficulty in their producing the world and its contents. Not more remarkable, perhaps, than for a band of masons and carpenters to build a house. Moreover, only upon this hypothesis in which the atoms become, as it were, tiny workmen, building up the world, can Lucretius's atomic theory be conceived at all possible as an explanation of how the world and all it contains came into being. Like zoophytes building a coral reef, the mechanic atoms ply their mighty toil far beyond our senses' reach. Of course this is absurd, the reader says at once; not merely absurd, but glaringly self-contradictory, for has he not laboured to prove that the atoms are *non-sensile*, only senseless, dead matter? But though this was one dogma of his creed, his imagination worked the problem out in unconscious contradiction to it, and saw his atoms acting as living things might act. Do we not every day see men thinking, feeling, even living, in complete inconsistency with some article of their formal creed, and never realizing this; indeed, strongly defending the proposition which they practically give up? The professor of a cruel and gloomy creed has often been unselfish and hopeful in character.

* For example, *gignere*, *genitali concilio*, *coire in concilium*, which are being always repeated in this sense.

† But when Sellar translates Book I, 778-9, as meaning that the atoms "in the act of creation exercise some secret invisible faculty," he goes too far. The words only mean that the atoms must have no secondary properties.

Lucretius's inconsistency is not greater, though it has taken a startling form. But, perhaps, this whole view of the matter is only an outside one. Perhaps we have not yet grasped Lucretius's real position.

It is now time to ask two questions which go to the very heart of the subject, and turn on the point we have been discussing. In the first place, "Is this inconsistency nominal only, or is it real?" the answer to this depending altogether on what Lucretius's actual conception of matter was. The second question is, "What arguments has the modern materialist at his command that help to bridge over the gulf which Lucretius has left between the atoms and the existing world?" Some modern speculations will help to throw light on both these points.

Professor Tyndall, in his presidential address for 1874, has set forth in full the arguments by which modern materialism defends its position. These are at the same time the arguments of the evolutionist, and it is in that light that Tyndall presents them. A more powerful exposition of what these reasons are we can hardly conceive. We do not mean to say that he is in reality a materialist, but only that the line of reasoning which he has stated with so much force is that followed by most who are such. To some evolution is but an argument for atheism. In the course of his long address, Tyndall endeavours to show that the old conception of an outside *demiourgos*, a divine workman, conceived by man in his own likeness, shaping and fashioning the world, has passed away before our increased knowledge of nature. Formerly, naturalists, he says, believed that a special creative act was necessary to account for the appearance of each new group of organisms. But to the natural philosopher, who has no prejudices of "previous education," no contrivance like that of a human artificer is to be seen in the productions of nature. The method of nature is not like that of man. She has her own method,—it is that of evolution, a constant unfolding. For this purpose no *demiourgos* need be present; we may "detach the Creator from his universe." We may remind our readers how Epicurus "detached" his gods from the world altogether. The marvellous adaptations, the so-called proofs of design, are but the offspring of nature, after her own method bringing forth all things of herself. But how can this take place? When we wish to account for the world and the life upon it, two courses, and two only, are open to us.

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"Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of matter." After putting the alternative thus, Professor Tyndall enthusiastically expresses his belief in the latter conception. "Abandoning all disguise," he says, "the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backwards across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and *discern in that matter*, which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, *the promise and potency of every form and quality of life*." The difference between the views of Tyndall and Darwin on the subject may be stated thus: Darwin conceives the world at the beginning as full of dead matter, and in the midst of this one primordial living form, capable of self-development into other living forms. Tyndall prefers to conceive at the beginning a world of matter in which there is no need of a single living germ, for there is no dead matter; all matter is living and able to evolve from itself living forms of every kind. Thus Tyndall rejects Darwin's hypothesis of the creation of a few living forms. If matter is animated, then such forms are not needed. But by this Tyndall only throws creation further back—back to matter which must have been endowed with such powers of producing life. Was matter, then, created? But this question he will not answer. Only after he has returned an answer can we decide whether his position is necessarily inconsistent with theism.* Up to this point it certainly is not. Of course, if matter is not created, and as Professor Tyndall also implies, a God exists, it does not seem possible to evade the conclusion that matter is eternal, and God identical with matter. Perhaps Tyndall may be not unwilling to be ranked in the same class to which he has himself assigned Bruno, namely, as a "pantheist." Yet we must not forget that there is a "higher pantheism" as well as a lower. The opinions expressed in the address are not inconsistent with the existence of a Creator. Yet a deity such as Tyndall conceives, who is, in a very important sense, wholly detached from his universe, who cannot hear the voice of prayer, and whose worshippers must neither "seek nor expect"

* On this subject we may refer, without expressing any opinion, to the appendix to Pictou's "New Theories and the Old Faith," which contains a very remarkable note "On the Development Theory in relation to the Soul and Immortality."

aid (Professor Tyndall prefers to call it "personal profit") in the hour of need, does assuredly remind us of the ignoble Epicurean gods "who lie beside their nectar" and take no heed of men.

How, then, does Tyndall take the step from the moving molecules to the existing world with its beautiful and complex living forms? Accepting the doctrine of atoms (much as Lucretius held it) as the basis for constructing the universe, how does he explain the process? We can only refer to the three most important or most striking points in his argument. The first question that the materialist is called upon to answer is, "How can matter produce and account for thought and consciousness?" He finds little difficulty here—life, he says, cannot be conceived of apart from matter. Divorced from matter, where is life to be found? Vibrations in the brain invariably accompany thought, and actually are thought. He gives many an argument on the materialistic side to prove that there is no other self different from the brain-self, that the brain is the man. He can ask several questions very difficult to answer. Can you form a mental picture of any of the percipient powers, apart from the organism through which it is supposed to act? If consciousness is a proof of the true self being distinct from the body, what do you say of the whole body being deprived for a short time of consciousness, as in the case of fainting? If a change of brain makes an exemplary man a murderer, is it possible that the true self can remain as before, and that, with the physical change, his character is not altered? The brain cannot be viewed as a mere instrument, like an eye-glass or a staff. It is more. The union between brain and soul is so close that the conditions of the body react on the soul. Therefore, says the materialist, we are but

Only cunning casts in clay.

Professor Tyndall has with considerable force argued the opposite side—that molecular processes can never wholly account for consciousness. Darwin and Herbert Spencer have sought to show how the processes of evolution and of gradual development from lower to more perfect organisms fill up the gulf between the monad and the man, with senses, intellect, and consciousness complete.

But Tyndall has stated a second argument with great ingenuity in his endeavour to show by what scientific reasoning the materialist attempts to account for the

origination of life, a point which, as he says, has been but "lightly touched upon, if at all, by Mr. Darwin or Mr. Spencer." He takes a very striking illustration. If we break a magnet, he says, we find in each fragment two poles. If we continue the process of breaking, we find that each part, however small, carries with it, though in a smaller degree, the polarity of the whole. When we can break no longer, we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. "Are we not urged," he says, "to do something similar in the case of life?" The farther back we trace the line of life, we find it approaching nearer and nearer to what we call the purely physical condition: that is to say, we reach organisms of the very simplest type, like the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which, so far as we can discern, "the vital action is almost wholly physical." But after we have thus reached the very simplest known organism, Tyndall bids us cross the border-land of sense and prolong the intellectual vision from the more perfect organisms to the very lowest ones in which life can be conceived to originate. Scientific men can justify scientifically their belief in the potency of matter, under the proper conditions to produce organisms. But they will frankly admit that they cannot point to "any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life." Bastian's experiments show that spontaneous generation does take place in the sense of life being produced from dead organic matter—what he calls *archebiosis*. But no one has shown that spontaneous generation takes place in the sense of heterogenesis, that is, the production of life from what we call inorganic matter. But, says Tyndall, scientific men, as already indicated, draw the line from the highest organisms through lower ones down to the lowest, and it is the prolongation of the line by the intellect beyond the range of the senses that leads them to the conclusion which Bruno so boldly enunciated, viz., that matter can originate life. With considerable force he argues that the phenomena of crystallization show that matter possesses a structural power. The polarity of magnetism appeals to the senses, and gives a basis for the "conception that atoms and molecules are endowed with definite attractive and repellent poles, by the play of which definite forms of crystalline architecture are produced. Thus molecular force becomes structural. It required no great boldness of thought to

extend its play into organic nature, and to recognize in molecular force the agency by which both plants and animals are built up." He had formerly used the formation of ice as a simple illustration of this process. When solid crystals of ice are produced

by their own constructive power, molecule builds itself on to molecule with a precision far greater than that attainable by the hands of man. . . . Imagine the bricks and stones of this town of Dundee endowed with locomotive power. Imagine them attracting and repelling each other, and arranging themselves in consequence of these attractions and repulsions to form streets and houses and Kinaird Halls—would not that be wonderful? Hardly less wonderful is the play of force by which the molecules of water build themselves into the sheets of crystals which every winter roof your ponds and lakes. . . . Latent in every drop of water lies this marvellous structural power, which only requires the withdrawal of opposing forces to bring it into action.*

In a lecture delivered more lately, Tyn-dall has expanded the same thought. After showing some experiments to illustrate the forces of crystallization, he said, in concluding:—

Everywhere, throughout our planet, we notice this tendency of the ultimate particles of matter to run into symmetric forms. *The very molecules appear inspired with the desire for union and growth*; and the question of questions at the present day is—and it is one which I fear will not be solved in our day, but will continue to agitate and occupy thinking minds after we have departed—how far does this wondrous display of molecular force extend? Does it give us movement of the sap of trees? I would reply with confidence, "Assuredly it does." Does it give us the beating of our own breasts, the warmth of our own bodies, the circulation of our own blood, and all that thereon depends? This is a point on which I offer no opinion to-night.

This is a partial outline of what Martineau calls "the new book of Genesis."

It is now time to return to Lucretius, and endeavour to point out that though his store of arguments is less, his position is substantially the same as that of the modern materialist. It is easy to see that some minds in antiquity—members of the Epicurean sect in particular—felt a strong repugnance to the popular belief of a divine artificer, such as man is able to conceive, constructing the world. The Epicurean spokesman in Cicero's treatise,

"On the Nature of the Gods," expresses this thought very distinctly.* Lucretius, too, casts teleology away. Neither the world nor the human body, he says, show any trace of design; our eyes, feet, hands, were not made for our sake that we might see, walk, labour. Nothing has been made for the use of men.† Commenting on the fact that men, animals of every kind, grains of corn, shells on the seashore, if we compare specimens of them together, are all different one from the other, he points out that nature's style of production differs from that of man. All these objects, he says, "exist by nature, and are not manufactured by hand after the exact model of one." Lucretius, like Tyn-dall, is opposed to the conception of an "artificer in the universe, fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts, as man is seen to act." If, then, Lucretius did not believe in a Creator, can it be said that he had any notion of evolution? It is certain that his philosophy implied evolution, and Lucretius may fairly be taken to support it, though we question if he had anything like a definite conception of such a process. Had he become acquainted with such a theory, beyond question he would have eagerly embraced it as filling the gap in his system. Only he seems, as we have suggested, not to have been conscious that there was any gap. His theory of atoms, and his principle that "nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods," clearly point this way. The principle of natural selection was certainly dimly grasped by him. In the fifth book‡ he says that in the earth's history many animals must have died off. Only the possession of some special quality, such as courage, speed, craft, has enabled each race to exist and continue its kind. Some animals, such as dogs, oxen, sheep, are useful to man, and have, in return, been preserved through his protection. Such as neither had natural qualities to depend on, nor were useful to man, fell a prey to others, and died out in the struggle for existence:—

Donec ad interitum genus id natura redegit.

"That species nature utterly destroyed." In attributing the dying-out of such species, not to internal unfitness for life, but to

* See especially chapters viii. and xx. of Book I. According to Lecky, Cicero's account of the Epicurean system is one of the grandest examples to be found of "sublime and scrupulous justice to opponents."—"History of European Morals," vol. i. p. 185.

† See Book IV. 823-857, and Book V. 156-194.

‡ Lines 855-877.

* "Fragments of Science." Matter and Force, a Lecture to the Working Men of Dundee. Pages 82 and 85.

outward conditions, the competition with other individuals or species, in the struggle for food, there is certainly a glimpse of Darwin's theory. We might next ask whether Lucretius's conception of matter is contradictory or not to the theory of evolution. Tyndall has declared strongly that we must no longer speak of "inorganic matter," or "dead matter." Now it was one dogma of Lucretius's creed (and having found that creed for himself, he held all its dogmas rigidly) that matter is dead. For in reality his doctrine of declination is exactly consistent with the conception of matter being living. It would have seemed utterly absurd to all, but for some such notion in men's minds. It is a fact that Lucretius's generation, and still more so the generation of Epicurus, inherited from the earlier physical philosophers a conception of matter as living. The Ionic philosophers, whose researches culminated in the atomic theory, held this. It is only because Lucretius insists so strongly, in lengthened argument, on matter being dead, that we call the declination of the atoms an inconsistency. For, in reality, where there is no Creator, where matter is conceived eternal, where it is able to evolve life — there it is really conceived as living. For, truly, if matter be able to produce life and mind, there must be somewhat of life and mind in matter. Can we conceive of matter producing life unless by some power of life with which it is endowed? If matter, by the merely fortuitous knocking-about of atoms, is able to produce men who think and feel and have free-will, then that matter must have free-will also. From Lucretius's actual point of view the inconsistency does not exist. It is only nominally that he believes matter to be dead. Rather does every atom possess sensation, thought, volition, *life*. To him, in reality, matter is living. Like Tyndall, he is willing to believe that every clod of earth, every lump of stone on the street, is tingling and throbbing with life, — and the potency of life. This is pantheism.

When Lucretius says that the bodies of the gods would be dissolved if the supply of matter were not infinite, it is plain that the existence of matter is more real to him than that of the gods. *It* exists more truly and really. It is far more God to him than were his nominal deities, the absurd, idle Epicurean gods, who, we need hardly say (though Tyndall expresses admiration for the relations of Epicurus to the gods), could not be gods to him or any man except in name. Lucretius denies

that matter is animated, but the next original thinker, who followed in his steps and adopted his conclusions, must have taken this logical step, and another. He must have admitted the presence of life in matter, and at the same time have done away with the meaningless but pernicious shadow-deities whom Epicurus had pensioned off, to be well out of the way, in the *inter-mundia*. The mighty torrent of atoms streaming through space, and capable of striking out worlds full of beauty and life by their combinations — this is Lucretius's God. It is a universal fact that the mind of man longs for something unchangeable and unalterable amidst the decay and change that surround him on every hand in this world, where all things are shifting and altering, coming and going. He feels that he must have something to lay hold of, if he too would not be swept away. Plato* strives earnestly to show that God cannot change. Lucretius's creed allowed him to find no such resting-place in the thought of God, but he dwells with great earnestness on the unalterable character of the atoms. All through the poem he points out the contrast between the perishable nature of all earthly bodies, of which we have experience, and the imperishable atoms. At their coming and going things change, but the atoms change not. After this world has passed away, only the atoms will remain, streaming on in an unceasing torrent through space. Though the soul lives not, but goes out like a torch, yet the atoms abide forever.

Æternaque materies est.

Here was ground on which his foot could rest. He may have found a measure of consolation or of strength in the thought — "There is something which does not pass away."

We have thus endeavoured to state what Lucretius's actual creed was. We have also attempted to show in what respects his position coincides with that of Tyndall, though we have greatly feared to be unfair in expressing the opinions of the latter, differing from him so widely as we do. One passage of Tyndall's address is very striking. This apostle of modern science, whom some call a materialist, as we have said, "discerns in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." He supposes the world and all its life to be self-evolved from particles of matter, but inherent in this matter there is something which he cannot define.

* In the second book of the "Republic."

In each particle there is matter and something more, matter and "mystery." In every process of evolution, in the unfolding of life, species, mind, he finds "the operation of an insoluble mystery." Thus Tyndall's avowed creed may be stated as "something more" than materialism.

Modern science has returned to the old problem which so interested the Greeks, namely, the constitution of matter. Present theories on this point resolve themselves into two, which may be compatible or not. There are the believers in hard atoms, formed either, as Sir W. Thomson believes, by indestructible elastic vortices of an omnipresent fluid or in some other way; and those who deny the existence of anything but force. According to the latter view, matter is but accumulated centres of force, while all forces are viewed as essentially one, since it is proved that each force can be transmuted into a different kind of force. We can only refer here to the manner in which Mr. Picton has worked out this theory in his essay entitled the "Mystery of Matter." He endeavours to show that the ordinary conception of atoms, as indivisible particles which occupy space exclusively, is untenable. If this opinion be accepted, how can "two substances—like oxygen and hydrogen—produce a third so utterly unlike both as water"? Why not rather think of the atoms as others do of the interspaces between them, and regard them as the mere "phenomena of force." "We may suppose these centres capable of interpenetrating one another, and of thus producing an entirely new mode of force, or, in common language, a new substance." The atomic theory, pure and simple, "first denies and then is compelled to assert the dissociation of matter and force." Mr. Picton, too, refuses to believe in "an unliving substance, a dead matter." "The notion of a dead substance, foreign to and incommensurable with spiritual being," is a mere "spectre" which is "entirely the creation of false inference." We are certain of only one thing, namely, the existence of life, our own or another mode of life. "We know that life is, but we do not know that anything else is." Matter is "in its ultimate essence spiritual." Mere force is no solution of the existence of matter. "Both forces and forms, so far from lending themselves to gross materialism, rather fascinate us with their shadowed hints of a mystery behind them both, far mightier than our will, and, *I will dare to add,*

more keenly living than our life." This is why landscape has the power to touch us so deeply. Thus Mr. Picton professes to have "gone right through materialism, and come out at the other side, where it merges into pure spiritualism." Our space will allow us to give no notion of the close argument by which this view of matter is defended. However mistaken his final conclusions may be, this is at least a grand poetic dream: not a few passages simply intoxicate the reader. In the last section, entitled "Christian Pantheism," Mr. Picton endeavours to show that his position is by no means inconsistent with Christian faith.*

The English reader who has heard much of Lucretius's imagination and poetic charm is somewhat astonished when he finds the earlier part of the poem composed in great part of passages containing scientific argument and proposition of the most close and exact kind. When he comes to a passage like that beginning,—

Quod si forte aliquis credit graviora potesse,
Corpora, quo citius rectum per inane feruntur,
Incidere ex supero levioribus, atque ita plagas
Gignere, etc.,

and so on for many verses, in which Lucretius tries to prove that heavy bodies do not fall more quickly than the lighter in the void, he naturally asks, "Is this long scientific discourse poetry?" To this we would answer that the poem is penetrated through and through in its most severe and protracted reasonings, its plainest and most matter-of-fact statements, by the earnest purpose of the poet. It is this that turns the prose of it to poetry, and informs the plainest line with feeling. He frequently reminds us that the aim of his inquiry is not scientific, but to overthrow superstition. It was a dogma of his master Epicurus that physics has a right to exist only for the sake of ethics, in order to show the falsehood of superstition, and that for any other end such inquiries are useless. Lucretius, a man of more earnest temper, held the same, though in a much less absolute form. In beautiful and tender words, frequently repeated in the course of the poem, he says, "Just as children in the dark tremble, and dread every object, so we in broad daylight fear, sometimes, things which are no more objects of terror than what children shudder at in the darkness, and fancy that they must exist. "This

* "The Mystery of Matter and other Essays." By J. Allanson Picton. Macmillan. 1873.

terror, therefore, and darkness of the mind, must be dispersed, not by the rays of the sun and the bright shafts of day, but by the aspect of nature and her laws." Whenever this is apprehended, "forthwith nature is freed from her haughty lords," the gods. The first two books, in which he states the principles of the atomic philosophy—to be applied in the remaining four—are the basis of his whole argument. They are the foundation on which he hopes to build a system that shall deliver men from all such fears.

The position and aim of Lucretius, so far as we can gather, is this. He was a man of intense earnestness as a religious reformer and at the same time the vision of nature had filled his soul with the majesty of natural law. To him nature seemed far grander than the old gods of the Pantheon at their mightiest. Moreover, he could not but feel that the conscience-nature of man, with its stainless majesty and instinctive abhorrence of wrong, represented something infinitely higher than the old impure, selfish, jealous gods. Conscience, too (though he misunderstood its origin and the source of its authority), told him that they were false. But while he possessed a turn of mind for scientific inquiry, his strongest craving was not to pursue science, but to cast out the superstitious terrors of a false and insufficient creed. He was seriously impressed with the evils of the national religion, and sought on all sides for some philosophical weapon against them. He found this in the atomic theory, which, no doubt, he had first heard expounded in his student days at Athens. The philosophy of his age found little difficulty in accepting this as a proof that the gods have not created man, and so far as he is concerned are powerless for good or evil. He seized eagerly on it, and followed it up with all the strength of his intellect, the more so as he had a natural faculty and decided fondness for such pursuits; but Lucretius is to be viewed primarily as the opponent of paganism, and only in a secondary sense as a physical inquirer. Even the strong intellectual passion which he shows for scientific research pales before the intense white heat of his human sympathies. Perhaps these are nowhere more strongly shown than in the wonderful description of the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Who that has once read can ever forget that description of the weeping human victim—the young girl decked with the fillet on her soft hair, like a beast for sacrifice, dropping on the ground in terror

when she sees the approving priests, who stand by and conceal the knife, appealing in vain to her father, and at last carried by force to the altar? The scene is painfully vivid. Probably Lucretius may have seen horrible punishments inflicted at Rome for offences against religion. At any rate he uses this story of the past because he believes that the religion of his own day is fit to produce evil deeds and crimes like this and does produce them. If he had drawn but this one picture, its every detail speaking his burning abhorrence of cruelty in religion's name, he had not lived in vain. Indeed this seems to us the noblest, bravest thing that he was allowed to do. Surely when man seeks to propitiate Deity and win his favour by sacrificing his weaker brothers, this is the incarnation of selfishness. Human self-seeking can go no farther. What could Lucretius do put protest against a power like this? The bare picture is enough, but his feeling rises to a climax in the single concluding word,—

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!

Could there be a God, and leave this appeal unanswered? Not in Lucretius's day did the answer come, not till years after he had died, perhaps, as tradition murmurs, by his own hand and in a moment of despair. Yet an answer did come, and the next generation saw it. Not in vain had he raised against paganism a voice which could never more be silent. Viewed in a wider horizon, and with reference to the progress of the world, we may look at his poem and even say, "It is well and rightly done," yet not altogether well for Lucretius himself, for he had done violence to the God-consciousness within him! His aim was to show that the ancient religion, which assigned for natural operations irregular, capricious divine agents, was contradicted by the newly-discovered majesty and regularity of nature's laws, while the conscience of man remonstrated against the cruelty and wickedness which it sanctioned. And beyond question the poem must have had a mighty power, especially with the thoughtful and imaginative, in destroying the old polytheistic creed, which could never be made new again and had to pass away. Moreover, the poet's conception of "nature" as a mysterious, all-pervading power—sometimes, in spite of himself, his language almost implies a personal power,—helped to prepare the way for a purer and larger faith. Though in defiance of his materialistic system, he, too, dimly

felt the presence in the world of a hidden power, a mystery, "something more" than matter.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE DILEMMA.

CHAPTER XXX.

NOTWITHSTANDING the loss sustained, the garrison were in high spirits for the rest of the night at the success of the sortie. And the state of things next day amply justified the night's enterprise. Not only was a great danger averted; the enemy were so cowed by the surprise that they did not attempt to resume their mining, or even to reoccupy the garden. The other side of the building being already kept clear by the occupation of the lodge, the garrison were thus practically free from molestation, although the rebels had not given up the investment, for they could still be seen collected about the court-house and in the village opposite the lodge.

Great, therefore, was the sense of relief; nevertheless, as the day wore on, a reaction set in from the excitement of the previous night, and, in the absence of any pressing emergency, a sort of lassitude and weariness was now becoming observable. Time and confinement were beginning to tell. The building, large and airy though it was, had become almost intolerably close and stuffy, with all the sides closed up in the savage heat of June; and the ladies, who spent a part of the night on the roof, purchased the comfort dearly, which involved a return to the sickening atmosphere below. All were tiring of the monotonous diet; they felt the need of food, but brought a sense of loathing to their meals. This morning, also, the two children had sickened, and lay side by side on their cot, each with the doll Kitty Peart had made for it on the pillow beside it, looking up at passers-by with languid preoccupied eye, while their mother sat fanning herself in a chair near them. Poor Kitty herself took her share of the nursing; and while fanning Jerry Spragge, gave him the particulars of poor papa's death, with such embellishments as had already gathered round the event. It did not occur to the poor girl that one of a party of soldiers might be shot, although not more prominently engaged than the survivors; so she described to the patient how her father had fallen covered with wounds, while heroically leading on his

comrades, and the better-informed young fellow had not the heart to set her right. Nor did Mrs. Peart keep to herself in her sorrow. For her there could be no seclusion for the conventional time, to be followed by a reappearance in decorous weeds, while face and voice should be attuned to proper keeping with the condition of bereavement. Some of the other ladies indeed offered to bring her share of the rude meals to their private room; but the two sick children lying there, peevish and crying, made such partial solitude unwelcome; and Mrs. Peart, although for the time suspending her share in the nursing, took her place as usual at the public breakfast-table, where the unpleasant-looking food was almost concealed from sight by the swarm of flies that settled upon it.

Mrs. Polwheedle presided at this meal. It had got to her ears that Major Peart had been left on the ground when he was wounded, and killed afterwards; and while helping to console the widow through the night, she had not forgotten to point out how the major might have been saved if he had not been left alone on the ground after he was wounded. Mrs. Polwheedle, who had been very active in nursing, and whose bustling cheerful manner had contributed sensibly to sustain the spirits of the female members of the garrison, but on whose temper events were beginning to tell, was not herself this morning; and was now holding forth with raised voice and flushed face in criticism of the last night's enterprise, the only gentlemen present at table being the brigadier and Captain Buxey.

"Better have a little of this stew, my dear," she said to Mrs. Peart; "it's the last day you'll get any, for the sheep won't hold out any longer. They have had no food for three days as it is. But there won't be many left soon to want meat, or chapattes either, if we go on like this. There's Braywell and Sparrow gone one day, and now your husband and young Spragge and a poor sepoy the next; I can't see what Falkland wants to be always going on in this way, attacking here, and attacking there, for. Why doesn't he keep quiet inside? I wonder you allow it, brigadier. It's as much your fault as his. You are responsible for everything, you know, for I suppose he made a pretence of asking your leave first."

"My dear, I said I thought there was a good deal of risk in the sally," replied the poor old men meekly; "but I deferred to Falkland's judgment in the matter, and he

considered it was necessary to do something. He is able to go about and see into things better than I, you know."

"Go about!" retorted the lady, "I should think he was able to go about. He goes about a great deal too much, to my mind; and then to leave that poor fellow to be hacked to pieces while he must be marching and countermarching up and down the garden like a madman. No! I don't care who hears me," she continued, as Captain Buxey pointed in the direction of a doorway from which Mrs. Falkland was advancing, "so long as the brigadier commands here I shall say what I please; and I say it's a shame, and you may tell Falkland so, if you like, my dear," she added, turning her flushed and angry face towards Olivia.

"My husband is busy enough as it is, Mrs. Polwheedle," said Olivia, taking her place, and leaning her head wearily on her hand, with the elbow resting on the table; "it would be better not to trouble him with our small difficulties; don't you think so, brigadier? No, thank you, Captain Buxey," she added, as that gentleman was handing her a plate of stew, "I can't eat anything this morning; I will take some tea, if you please."

"Yes, my dear," observed the brigadier to his wife, with an attempt at dignity, "what Mrs. Falkland says is very true; ladies should not meddle with military matters."

"And why shouldn't they meddle?" retorted the lady, turning sharply round on her husband. "Why don't you meddle yourself, then?" she continued, as the poor old gentleman sat silent under the question, "instead of sitting there, day after day, eating and drinking the best of everything, and never doing a blessed thing. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, that you ought: you are no more use to any one than that little half-caste idiot of an O'Halloran."

"Mrs. Polwheedle," said Falkland, who had entered the room when her voice was at its highest, "it is quite against rules to disturb the garrison by noise of any sort. I have the brigadier's orders to put any offender against the rules into confinement. Pray don't give me occasion to enforce them against you."

"Brigadier," said the lady, bristling up, and scarcely able to speak for passion, "will you sit there and see your wife insulted?"

"My dear," said the brigadier, mildly, "pray be calm and reasonable; Colonel Falkland is only doing his duty."

"The brigadier gives all his orders through me, ma'am. No, not another word, or you go to your room and stay there," and Falkland looked so stern that Mrs. Polwheedle gave up the contest, and sat still, silent and cowed; and Falkland, beckoning to his wife to follow him, left the hall.

"Olivia, my love," said her husband when they had reached the anteroom, "that old woman has got hold of the brandy-bottle again."

"Brandy-bottle, Robert?"

"Yes, dear; she has done it before. She took one from Buxey's store two days ago; and now she has done it again. He told me another bottle was missing; and she is evidently the worse for liquor. You must find out where she has hidden it, and give it back to Buxey. You look tired and worn this morning, my poor child," he added, fondling one of her hands in his, "and I daresay that old fury has been frightening you more than the enemy; but you must keep up your courage; we shall all of us want all the strength we possess."

And indeed, notwithstanding the present suspension from active measures by the enemy, Falkland had just now special cause to feel harassed and anxious. The supply of flour had almost come to an end—the stock laid in, through a miscarriage of plans executed in a hurry, having been much less than was intended, while the garrison was larger than was expected, owing to the reinforcement of faithful sepoys. There still remained several sheep, but the grain for them was failing also, nor would a meat diet keep the garrison in health. Moreover, the wounded were beginning to do badly. Maxwell talked of amputation for M'Intyre, but feared the consequences; and young Raugh's wound looked angry, although a clean sabre-cut; and the doctor said better things could not be looked for with bad air and bad diet. A still more serious matter was the state of the ammunition. A supply coming in from the palace had been intercepted by the *émeute* in the town on the afternoon before the siege began: notwithstanding the repeated injunctions given to husband the ammunition, the garrison, especially at first, had been disposed to fire oftener than necessary; and now, although there was abundance of lead for bullets, only enough powder remained for about five rounds per head. This state of things Falkland kept secret from every one but Braddon and Yorke; but the sepoys, as well as the rest of the garrison,

must guess the smallness of the store from the care with which it was husbanded. No one, indeed, had believed in the reality beforehand of a serious investment, or that if unsuccessful at the outset it would be persisted in so long; but they had now been shut up for six days without any tidings from the outer world. How far the mutiny had extended, and what other communities had been swept away, or were resisting like themselves, they had no knowledge; but that the government were in great straits might be inferred from the delay in sending relief. The last tidings before the siege had been that a regiment of local infantry was being despatched to their aid; but even allowing for delay in crossing the great rivers now swollen by the melting of the mountain-snows, this aid should have arrived long ago if not interrupted or diverted.

Two messengers had been sent out by Falkland—servants: one on the first night with a note to the government of the nearest province, to tell them of the condition of the garrison; he was to find his way to the nearest station or camp still occupied by British troops, and to deliver it there. The other had been sent out the previous night, on the east side, while the enemy's attention was diverted by the sortie, who was to bring back any news he could pick up, but he had never returned. If this man had proved faithless, the enemy might be encouraged to persevere in the blockade by learning in what straits they were placed. In this state of anxiety and suspense was passed the long day, the harder to bear from the quietude maintained by the enemy, which afforded nothing to divert attention from the tormenting heat.

When night came on, the jemadar, who was in his master's confidence and knew the importance to the garrison of obtaining news, volunteered to go out and seek intelligence of the state of things in the enemy's camp; and Falkland, although loath to let the brave fellow undertake this perilous office, for he was so well known in the city as to run special risk of detection, was fain under the emergency to accept the offer. Accordingly, Ameer Khan, disguising himself as far as possible to look like a sepoy, and taking musket and pouch-belt, slipped out and stole through the garden in the darkness. Shortly before dawn he returned, to the great relief of his master, who had entertained but little hope of seeing the faithful fellow again. He had managed to get over the

garden-wall without being perceived, and although soon afterwards challenged by a picket of sepoy, had got past safely by passing himself off as a sepoy of another regiment, and had been all through the rebel camp and city. The enemy showed no sign of raising the blockade: indeed in the bazaar the talk was all about the repulse which a body of troops marching to the relief of Mustaphabad was reported to have received. It was a new levy apparently, probably the same body whose march had been reported to Falkland before the blockade began. A large part of this force, it was said, had deserted to the enemy; and the remainder, after sustaining considerable loss in attempting to occupy a rebel town on the line of march, was in full retreat. Such was the tale brought back by the jemadar, amplified no doubt by bazaar gossip, but probably accurate so far that the attempt at relief had for the present failed. On the other hand, there was much talk about the doings of a body of horse said to be moving down from the settled country, the leader of which, who had gained the *sobriquet* of the "Black Feringhee," appeared to have already established a name of terror by his prowess and savage retaliations on the country through which he was moving; and the sepoy camp was evidently beginning to be uneasy at the prospect of his coming against them, although the general impression seemed to be that he could hardly venture to attack so large a force, without support from infantry or guns.

So much information Ameer Khan had managed to pick up by wandering about the bazaars, which all through the night were astir with people who took their sleep and kept at home during the fierce heat of day; and the conclusion to be drawn from it was far from encouraging. The jemadar had also learnt the fate of the emissary sent out the previous night; and the gallant fellow could not restrain the emotion he felt when describing how the unfortunate Kidmatgar, having been recognized, had been carried before the nawab's brother, who now ruled in the city, and in his presence horribly mutilated and then turned out into the street as a warning to others. Well might the bravest man shrink from so horrible a fate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DURING this night, spent by Ameer Khan on the expedition described above, and by the garrison at their posts, the ladies who were off hospital duty forgot for a time their dangers and hardships in

peaceful slumber on the housetop; when next morning, just as they were about to descend the stairs to the room below, something whistled over their heads with a rushing sound unlike anything they had heard before; a sharp report followed from the direction of the court-house. Falkland, always on the alert, hurried up to the roof just as another cannon-ball whizzing past warned the occupants to hasten down. A couple of field-guns were to be seen in front of the court-house, at a point where a good view of the house was afforded by a gap in the trees; and the sepoys could be made out busily engaged in reloading them.

"The nawab's guns," said Falkland, surveying the scene through his glass, "a present from our government; they used to stand in front of the palace. So, this accounts for the rascals' inactivity yesterday; they were getting this ready as a surprise. They may have guns, however, but they have no gunners," he added, as the balls from the second discharge passed harmlessly overhead and buried themselves in the garden behind, while Yorke, who had never been in the way of round-shot before, involuntarily bobbed his head. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, laughing, as the colonel looked round and stared at him—"it was quite unintentional; I won't do it again."

"I wonder where they have got their shot from," observed the colonel, after a pause; "a good deal depends on that. Do you think you can pick up the one which has just lodged behind that bush? Thanks, my dear boy," said he, when, a few minutes afterwards, Yorke returned from the other side of the garden bearing a shot in his hand, and the latter felt Falkland's smile and look of approbation to be an ample reward for the service. "Yes, it is a hammered shot, as I expected; that will be the saving of us: the practice is sure to be bad with these lopsided things, and they won't have too many to throw away."

The sound of the guns created some consternation at first within the building; but Falkland reassured the members of the garrison assembled in the big room, by producing the specimen shot, and the inmates soon became accustomed to this new annoyance, which brought no harm at first. Even at that short range the enemy could not at first hit the mark. Some shot hit the ground about the building, but most of them flew over and buried themselves in the garden. "It is odd that there should be no stray gunners on leave

in the city to show them how to handle a gun," observed some one later in the morning, who had hardly spoken when there was heard a noise overhead as of falling bricks, and the messenger sent upstairs brought back word that a part of the roof parapet had been carried away, close to where the look-out man was standing.

Half an hour afterwards a shot came through the east veranda, making a hole in the sandbag parapet, and, sending up a cloud of dust, lodged in the outer wall of the building.

"That is no hammered shot," said Underwood, who was on duty in the east veranda, handing the shot to Falkland, who had come out to look at the place.

"This is a regular cannon-ball beyond a doubt," replied Falkland, examining the missile; "but they cannot have a large stock, or they would not have begun with the lopsided ones, and it will take a deal of hammering with nine-pounders to bring this building down; it was not constructed by the Public Works Department." But the sentries were withdrawn from this veranda, there being no danger of an attack upon it without warning; and the number of balls which came through during the day justified the precaution. For the most part they merely struck the wall, knocking out plaster and brickwork, without doing much damage; but occasionally they found their way into the adjacent side-rooms through the doorways; one shot of this kind went through a bag of meal in the storeroom, and another traversed what had hitherto been the sick-room, shortly after the patients had been removed to the west side of the house. Fortunately the guns were north-east of the building, so that the line of fire was oblique, and did not command the centre room.

Thus the hours sped by, and up to mid-day the garrison had suffered no harm. Then the fire was stopped for a time, to be resumed in the afternoon; but it was still so desultory and ill-directed that the garrison were becoming indifferent to the annoyance, when, late in the afternoon, a fatal shot came through the portico. It must have glanced against a tree or some other obstacle, and become deflected in its course, for the portico was out of the line of fire; but it came crashing through the thin sandbag wall, smashed the legs of an officer of the 80th, as he lay asleep on a camp-bedstead, killed two sepoys lying on one of the steps, and then glancing off from the stonework, and slicing

off the back of Braddon's pillow—he was asleep on another cot—without touching him, tore through the body of Yorke's horse as it stood picketed just beyond, and so made its exit through the parapet on the other side, those who had escaped starting up from their sleep and gazing in wonder at the mangled forms of their comrades.

The news of the catastrophe soon spread through the building; and while those who were kept to their posts by duty were still questioning the others who had gone to learn particulars, another casualty was reported. A messenger from the lodge came over with the news that Layton, the shopkeeper, who was on duty there, and a very useful member of the garrison, had just been killed by a stray bullet coming through a loophole. So far the garrison had experienced a remarkable immunity from loss through the enemy's musketry-fire, and a certain proportion of casualties from this cause was reasonably to be expected; but coming at this time the loss seemed to be exceptionally hard to bear. An hour later there was another serious blow. Buxey was with one of the servants in the storeroom serving out supplies, when a shot came through the doorway, killing the man, whose mangled body fell over the open jar of meal they were handling, drenching its contents with blood. The rest of the stores were at once removed to a less exposed part of the house; but this accident had made a serious inroad upon the scanty stock remaining, and a feeling of despair now for the first time possessed many of the garrison, while the stoutest-hearted felt their courage sink at these losses in their slender numbers, which they were powerless to retaliate or guard against unless by some desperate effort. And when Falkland was seen to go up to the roof a little later with Yorke and Braddon, it was rumoured that another spell of "nervous duty" was in store for some of them.

"I think we might take those guns with a rush, sir," said Braddon to Falkland, as they surveyed the position from the look-out place; "we might come round on them from the flank, and spike them without much loss."

"I have been thinking of that too, but it would be a desperate remedy. We should lose time removing the barricade, which they have made as strong as ever. Even if we got as far without loss, they would never allow us to retire unmolested. The houses opposite the lodge are swarming with men, who would be almost

in the rear of our advance. The distance is full six hundred yards. It would cost us our last cartridge to retire over it, and even then we should have to leave our wounded behind us, if any were hit. No, I think it would be better to hold on, and keep a few shots for a last resource." And the garrison were not disappointed to hear that no sally was to be made. All felt with Falkland that the remedy would be too desperate.

That night another shallow grave was dug in the garden for Underwood and the two sepoys, and Layton was buried by Braywell near the lodge; the dead horse also was dragged out and buried, the enemy offering no molestation.

The firing had stopped, but the ladies were not allowed to sleep on the roof, and were crowded together in Olivia's room in the stifling heat, while sleep was driven away by the cries of young Raugh. The poor lad was now quite light-headed, and sang English ballads all through the night in a shrill voice.

That night, while Egan was on duty in the trench leading to the bath-house, he was suddenly startled by seeing something moving stealthily towards him from the direction of the garden-hedge. Soon making it out to be a man, he covered him with his rifle, but paused before firing till the nature of the attack should explain itself. He could only make out one man, and, being a cool fellow, Egan contented himself with keeping his rifle ready till the man had approached quite close, who then began waving his hand in a deprecating way, and whispered in Hindustani—

"A poor man, sahib, with news: don't fire."

"All right, old fellow," replied Egan; "come along, and don't be afraid. You've had a precious close shave, old gentleman, all the same," continued Mr. Egan in a lower voice, as he assisted the stranger to climb over the trench; and soon the word being passed, the messenger was brought to Falkland in the south veranda. He was a little wizened old man, a mere bag of bones, and naked save for a small cloth round his loins, and a pair of coarse shoes.

"A letter, sir," said the old man; and taking off one of his shoes, and drawing a couple of nails concealed by mud and dust, extracted a tiny piece of folded paper from between the layers of the sole. This letter, flattened out, was barely three inches square; written in faint ink on the thinnest paper, and soiled by the journey, the following words were with difficulty deciphered:—

"To C. O. [commanding officer] Mustd. Am marching down with a levy of Sikh horse. Juriana local infantry attempting the same thing have been beaten back with loss of many killed and deserted, and Jordan, commandant, badly wounded. The direct line from here strongly defended, and passage of river difficult, so I shall work round by the north; this is longer route, but only practicable one. Have sent you three despatches before this; news of you difficult to get, and accounts conflicting. Country generally smashed up. Delhi not yet taken, but expected to fall in a few days, when all will come right. My fellows promise well, but are raw at their work. And there is a lot to be done. But hold out for . . . days, and I will be with you . . ."

The latter part of the note was the most illegible of all; the number of days mentioned, the writer's signature, and the date of the letter, could not be deciphered.

This despatch thus entirely corroborated the account brought back by Ameer Khan. The writer was evidently the "Black Feringhee" talked about in the city, but who he was no one at first could guess. The old man could not give the information; he had not come direct from the camp, but had received the letter at a neighbouring village from his son, who said that he had come fifty miles with it in two days, but he fancied the name of the officer was "Carte Sahib." Carte Sahib? who could that be? There was no officer of that name in the army.

The old man was in a hurry to be gone, before it grew light, and refused to be the bearer of a letter out, saying he could not hope to find Carte Sahib and his horse, who were here one day and there another, like a wild elephant. And being rewarded with a handful of gold mohurs—a small fortune for a peasant—which he secreted dexterously in his waist-cloth, the old fellow, making his salaam, crept out and disappeared in the garden.

"Poor old gentleman," said Egan, as he went off, "he is sure to get his throat cut with all that loot about him."

Almost everybody in the garrison was asked to try and decipher the letter. None of the officers, however, could make anything of the signature; but when Falkland showed it to his wife, she at once said it was Kirke, and on the discovery being made, everyone was surprised that he had not made such an obvious guess. Kirke was known to be on leave in the hills when the mutiny broke out, and so good a soldier would of course be at once employed

in an emergency. "No wonder," said Falkland, "the fame of the 'Black Feringhee' has got abroad; these are the times to show what men are made of. If it is possible to relieve us, Kirke will do it. To think," he continued, looking at his wife, "that a woman's wit should solve in a minute the difficulty we men were all blundering at."

Olivia blushed as he spoke. She could not tell him then how familiar her cousin's handwriting used to be with her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANOTHER morning broke, and those who had been trying to rest rose sweltering from their beds, and set about making their scanty toilets. Guards were changed, the unsavoury rations were given out and cooked, and all applied themselves in their different tasks to live out another weary day. M'Intyre groaned with the fever of his wounds; Raugh was quieter, and only sang at times. The firing began again from the two guns and went on in desultory fashion; almost every shot now hit the building, no great feat in gunnery, but still an improvement on the practice of the day before.

Thus wore on the dismal morning. Only nine o'clock, and the day was already five hours long, and yet how many hours remained! when suddenly the garrison was aroused from its state of dull endurance.

"That shot must be wide of the mark," said Falkland, starting up from his couch in the drawing-room, on which he was taking a morning sleep, and resting on his elbow, as the report of a gun was heard without the accompanying whistle of the shot: "there goes another," he added, as the second gun was fired off. "Pandy must have come to an end of his cast shot, and be falling back on the hammered ones. If so, we are in luck."

As he spoke, the look-out officer came running into the room. "There is something up, colonel!" he cried; "they are turning their guns at somebody away out on the plain." Falkland hurried up to the roof.

Beyond the lodge, on the other side of the road, was the village surrounded by a mud wall, of which mention has already been made. This village enclosure was nearly square, and with its houses and surrounding trees interrupted the view of the open plain beyond, portions of which, however, could be seen through the gap between the village and the court-house, and again to the south of the village, al-

though in these directions also the view was a good deal intercepted by the trees in the park. And on this plain some object was now exciting the attention of the rebels, for, as the look-out man had reported, the two guns were turned away, and were firing in that direction, and a large column of sepoys was drawn up on the open space behind them. What it was could not at first be told; only a cloud of dust could be seen rising high in the sultry air, and floating over the village; but presently some horsemen could be made out to the south of the village, about three-quarters of a mile off, retiring slowly, the skirts of a larger body, and then as a light air blew the dust away, some cavalry could be distinguished drawn up in regular formation, now halted in column, and facing towards the enemy; and immediately the news spread through the building that relief had come — Kirke and his levy of horse.

"Kirke's levy evidently," said Braddon, who had been summoned to the roof; "the men are dressed in all sorts of ways, and very irregular is the dressing of their ranks. However, handsome is that handsome does! Kirke won't be the man I take him for if he doesn't soon find his way in, now that he has got so far."

"Is it Kirke's men," said Falkland, "or the levy of some native chief? I begin to think it must be the latter. Why should Kirke, if it were he, keep away out there, as if he were afraid of this wretched fire? It is to be hoped that they do not mean to sheer off, after all, and leave us in the lurch; but I can't make out any Europeans with them."

"Yes!" cried Yorke, who was looking through a field-glass; "I see a European there, on a grey horse, going along at a foot-pace, with his back turned this way, and with a helmet on, and there is an orderly riding behind him. Ah! now he is gone out of sight behind those trees. There he comes again, don't you see, sir, to the right?"

"It *is* Kirke, and no mistake," said Falkland, looking at the distant mass through his glass. "I could tell his figure on horseback among a thousand. Thank God, we are saved!" and the tone of relief with which he spoke showed how much his previous bearing had belied his real hopes of escape.

The news of succour had spread instantaneously through the building; discipline for the moment was suspended, and the staircase to the roof was crowded with people coming to see the relieving force with

their own eyes. Even the brigadier managed to hobble up; nor could Falkland refuse to allow each lady in turn to come up and have a look at the distant horsemen and try to distinguish the Europeans with the force, of whom two had now been made out.

All was now changed to life and high spirits within the building; a messenger was despatched to the lodge with the good tidings, while even the wounded began to cheer up, except Johnny Rough, who was still unconscious but quiet now, and breathing heavily.

The residency now was quite unmolested; but some of the occupants of the lodge showing themselves in their excitement incautiously on the roof, drew down a sharp fire from the village on the opposite side of the road, which was still full of men.

Still the relieving force made no attack; they could be seen now and then, through the gaps in the trees, moving about in the distance, but they came no nearer, deterred apparently by the difficulty of attacking so numerous an infantry well posted; and endless were the surmises of the lookers-on as they watched the movements of the horsemen with straining eyes and eager faces. Why don't they charge down to the south, and clear the ground up to the wall there? The enemy can't be in strength in that direction; they might relieve us in that way without difficulty. Can it be they have been told the residency has fallen? But no, that cannot be, or why should the rebels be investing it? But to make sure, Falkland had a standard hoisted on the roof—a table-cover on a pole. It took some time to manage this, and when the thing was done all sign of the cavalry had disappeared.

Kirke must be acting as the advanced-guard of a force which had come to reconnoitre, and has fallen back on the main body, to wait for the infantry to come up, said the more hopeful; but dread despair came upon the garrison when the news spread. It was as if a shipwrecked sailor were to see a ship sail by, unheeding the raft to which he was clinging.

"Main body or not," said Falkland anxiously to his two lieutenants, "we must manage to communicate with Kirke at once, for I am sure it is he; I can't believe that his sheering off like this is more than temporary. Kirke has pluck and judgment for fifty men, but every minute is critical; we cannot afford to run the risk of our want of ammunition being found out. The very fact of relief being

so near may incite the rebels to strike a final blow and be off. Which of your men, Braddon, do you think, could be best trusted to get out?"

"He would have to wait till dark, sir, would he not?" asked Yorke, "before making the attempt; and then if he succeeded he might lose all the night in looking for them. I have a plan to propose, sir; let me mount your mare, and take my chance of getting over the wall and through these brutes. They will be so surprised they won't have time to fire," he added, seeing that Falkland looked doubtfully at the proposal.

"That is a big wall to take," observed the colonel, after a pause, during which he had been regarding the young man with a look that conveyed his approbation.

"Kathleen would do it, sir, never fear," replied the other; "it is not five feet high there by the gateway; she is good for that any day."

"I think she is, but she will need to have her master on her back to do it, after being so long without being ridden."

"I think I can sit a fresh nag as well as most people," observed Braddon, "though I say it who shouldn't; but these are not times to stand on modesty. Let me go, sir, and you shall see me witch Pandy with noble horsemanship."

"No, Braddon, you are too heavy. Yorke's idea, however, is a capital one, but it will be better for me to go than either of you."

"But ought the commandant to desert the garrison, sir?" objected Braddon. "We shall never be able to get on without you; and the people would lose heart if they heard you were gone."

"I would rather stay of course, but this is a case of duty. Everything depends on communicating with the force outside, and for this it is necessary to get over the wall. Relief will then only be a question of a few minutes; my absence for so long can't do any harm."

"You have seen me take a wall, sir," said Yorke, "and on a horse that was a mere pony beside Kathleen. I believe I could do the trick all right. I am a good stone lighter than you, and certainly I can be better spared."

"No reflections on your horsemanship, my dear boy," replied the colonel, putting his hand kindly on Yorke's shoulder, and looking down as he spoke; "but Kathleen has not been out of her stall for ten days, and has been on half rations for a week. She will do best with her master on her back, but the credit of the plan is

all yours. But we must not lose time in talking."

They descended to the portico, and the mare was saddled, while the opening was cleared again which had been made in the parapet the previous night for removing the dead horse. The affair occupied only a few minutes, while Falkland, going aside with the brigadier, explained what was proposed, and obtained the old man's consent to his errand. Then turning to Buxey, who also had been summoned to the portico — "Buxey, old friend," he said, "we are all liable to accident; if I should come to grief, I charge you to convey to government my particular recommendation of Braddon and Yorke. The conduct of the whole garrison will speak for itself, and will, no doubt be rewarded suitably; but I wish it particularly to be recorded that these two have especially contributed to the success of the defence." Then he made a movement, intending to enter the building; but suddenly turned back again, and saying in a low voice as he passed Yorke, while he pressed his hand for an instant, "I leave Olivia in your charge," mounted, and passed out by the gap from underneath the portico.

The mare walked quietly out for a few paces, but when having got clear of the building Falkland pressed her sides, she gave a furious plunge which almost unseated him, the preface to a course of bounds into the air, which tried her rider's horsemanship, but did not advance his progress off the hard road. At last he got her on to the lawn, only one degree less hard, and put her into a canter towards the north end, the mare still plunging madly in the excitement of leaving the stable, trying to pull the reins out of his hands, but going with a short stiff action as if her limbs were cramped by the long confinement.

It was about midday, and the scorching vertical rays of the sun beat down on the fiery soil; shadow to the right or left there was none. As the rider and horseman approached the north park-wall numerous faces appeared behind it and from the out-house at the end, and there was rapid firing at the sudden apparition. The anxious and excited lookers-on thought at first he was going to take the wall at that end, which was very high, but he turned round when near it and came cantering back again towards the portico, saluted now by a shower of bullets from the enclosures beyond the lodge.

The guard of the portico had some of them clambered on the parapet, while

others unable to restrain themselves ran outside to watch the event. The lodge-picket, too, were all standing on the roof or on the pathway outside, but the enemy for the moment did not heed them.

Again Falkland turned the mare up the park and galloped her to the end and back. She is going more at her ease now, and the rider stoops over to pat her neck as the noble beast settles into her long stride. Now he turns her again, still going at an easy gallop, and describing an arc and bringing her round, puts her straight at the east wall, just above the entrance gap, where it was lowest. The distance is about a hundred yards, but to the lookers-on it seems a dozen times that length, as breathlessly they watch him nearing the wall. Then there is an instant of suspense as the mare rises at the obstacle and clears it gallantly. The leap accomplished, Falkland makes straight forward between the village and the court-house; the former seems alive with men, all firing at him as he shoots by, while a whole platoon is discharged from the men drawn up by the court-house; but the figure of the rider can be made out erect and harmless, galloping over the plain, the danger past, until lost to view in the distance by the intervening trees. "Hurrah! He will be up with the cavalry in no time at that rate, and we shall have them back again in a minute or two." Such are the cries echoed by the spectators of Falkland's successful feat, as they take the news into the building. All is joy again for the moment. It seems as if the relief had actually come.

But the minutes pass by, and there are no signs of the horsemen; no dust in the distance marks their return. And now there follows another long pause of dreary heart-sickening suspense. No one can guess what has happened; and the weaker members of the party put vague guesses and questions to each other, which no one can answer, while the sterner ones remain silent. Braddon and Yorke scan the scene from the roof; but the long hours pass by, and no signs can be discerned of relief. Once when Yorke descended to the building he met Olivia coming out of the sick-room, and her sorrow-stricken face told him that she knew of Falkland's departure; but as he advanced towards her she turned a look as of reproach and scorn towards him, and passed suddenly into the ladies' room to avoid him. Alas! thought he, even her firm mind is giving way under these trials, and no wonder.

About four o'clock news came from the

roof that the guns were being again turned on the building; and in a few seconds the whistle of the shot recommenced, with the accustomed accompaniment of falling masonry, as great pieces of the brickwork fell away under each discharge. Then despair seized upon most of them. This must surely mean that the relieving force has been driven off. A large body of sepoy, too, were seen moving down to join the outposts in the village. This looked as if another assault were intended. There was nothing left now but to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

But half an hour afterwards some of the portico-guard thought they heard musketry-firing in the direction of the city. All ears were turned anxiously in that direction, one or two men being sent outside to hear better. There could be no doubt about it. Nor was it a mere *feu de joie*, as some said at first; the noise was continuous but irregular, like sharp skirmishing or street-fighting. Hope began to stir again with them. It must surely be the relief coming at last. Falkland is leading an attack upon the enemy from their rear, to clear the city of them. Yes! it must be so. See, the sepoy are being called back from the village, towards the court-house, and the number about that building has diminished; they are evidently being sent forward to defend the city. The guns too have been withdrawn again, and are turned in that direction.

And now the sound of firing gets closer; the attacking party must be gaining ground.

Still the strife proceeds, but as the sun gets low, the sepoy can be seen coming back from the city and forming up irregularly to the south of the court-house, while some of their leaders are riding about on horseback as if trying to rally them. But it is of no use; they begin to break away by twos and threes and to make for the village again, from the rear of which other stragglers are now running away in the direction of cantonments. There will be no rally in the village, although the place would be hard to carry if well defended. The garrison can restrain themselves no longer; and a party headed by Braddon rush out from the portico, and, joined by those on picket at the lodge, they line the park-wall and fire their last cartridges at the rebels retreating in disorder over the ground in front. This completes the panic. The sepoy, instead of retreating into the village, send back a few desultory shots in reply, and now sheer off behind it to avoid the fire thus opened on them,

leaving a few bodies stretched on the plain. In a few minutes they have all disappeared, and the attacking force is seen emerging from the trees towards the city and advancing in skirmishing order up to the court-house. Amongst them can be distinguished in the dusk an officer on horseback, a European by his helmet. He looks ahead for an instant, and then hearing the cheers set up by the garrison on catching sight of him, gallops up to the gateway, the barrier at which is pulled down by eager hands to make way for his horse, and in another instant he rides among them within, and is surrounded by the excited group, each trying to grasp his hand, while they shout to the others in the building, who with some of the ladies may be seen hurrying down the walk. The siege is over, the garrison is relieved.

The horseman was Kirke. "You thought I meant to go off and leave you in the lurch," he said smiling, in reply to some of the numerous questions with which he was assailed. "We could have come down to the south and cleared the place in a jiffy, I know, but that would have driven the enemy back into the city, and it would have been a devil of a job to dislodge them. No, I determined to take them in rear; and besides, Falkland got news that a large party in the city were prepared to join our side and release the nawab, if we only showed ourselves near the palace, so we thought we had better begin at that end and work downwards; and very well the thing has been done. I wish you could have seen my fellows skirmishing through the streets, with nothing but their swords and carbines."

"And Falkland?" cried the eager group of listeners, who had forgotten him for the moment in the excitement of deliverance; "where is Falkland?"

"Ah!" said Kirke, looking grave as he dismounted. Falkland had been killed, leading the advance through the town. Who will break the news to his wife?

opposition to existing systems of life. It appealed only to men's desire to make the best they could of themselves. It called upon them to know the value of the treasures which were really theirs, but which they had let slip from careless hands. Around them were the riches of the past, the literature and art of Italy's golden days, which a wave of barbarism had scattered and hidden too long from the eyes of Italy's true sons. It was an object worthy of the best energies of the noblest minds to gather together all that could be saved from the wreck, to cleanse the remnants carefully and tenderly from the dirt and rubbish with which they had been encrusted, and then set them lovingly before young minds, which might learn from them all that was noble in the life of the past.

This was the spirit of the early Renaissance in Italy. It had no hidden meaning, it cherished nothing which it need be afraid to tell abroad. It combated nothing in existing systems, because it made no claim to have a system of its own. It went along its own course with a deep belief in man's perfections, and a deep desire to cultivate man's nature into all that it could become.

It is true that a time came when the spiritual enfranchisement brought about by the Renaissance began to degenerate into license. This is a danger which all movements towards greater freedom have always had to face. It is hard to pour new wine into old bottles, and there is always the same twofold danger—that the bottles will burst, and the wine be spilt. It was so with Italy of the later fifteenth century. Spiritual freedom tended to run riot; the self-assertion of the individual loosened the bonds of society; mental subtlety pared away the obligations of morality; religion was threatened with gradual dissolution before the gentle solvent of graceful and playful criticism. Culture had become a source of weakness rather than of strength. The Italian mind had lost its beliefs, and with its beliefs had lost all meaning. Under the hard rule of the foreigner, and under the galling fetters of the old dogmatic system, restored as a harsh despot, and ruling no longer as an indulgent master, Italy was doomed to learn, by three centuries of silent suffering, how freedom could be woven into the web of daily life.

Yet her experience had not been in vain. In the long years of her own darkness she still might feel that the torch which she had kindled was blazing steadily, if not brightly, in other more favoured

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A SCHOOLMASTER OF THE RENAISSANCE.

VITTORINO DA FELTRE.

ONE of the chief features of the early Renaissance is its entire simplicity and straightforward earnestness. It was not perplexed by fear lest it might awaken antagonism, for it was not conscious of any

lands. To medieval Italy must all who honour culture turn with unflinching reverence; for she has ever been the home of great interpreters who have revealed man to himself, and have taught him in ever-changing forms to see and know what is the heritage which the past has handed on.

In the higher lines of literature and art this is perhaps sufficiently felt and has been often enough expressed; but in smaller things it is forgotten. We are accustomed, for instance, to look for the origin of our ideas of education to the gradual progress of society, to the workings of modern philanthropy or the enlightened teaching of modern science. Education amongst us has grown slowly to become a part of our political life. Its function is held to consist in drilling the young into fitness to discharge their duties as citizens. Our highest views of education rarely go beyond this. No teacher amongst us would venture to say that he had no belief in the efficacy of formal outward discipline, or of the rigid tests of unbending examinations, but that his aim was to develop with care and tenderness the youthful spirit into liberty, beauty, and grace.

It may perhaps be worth while to bring forward from his obscurity, for a little while, a great Italian teacher of the early and unconscious epoch of the Renaissance. Like all men who have been content only to teach without aspiring to literary fame, his name is seldom heard; for his labours left no other fruit than the noble actions of his scholars, which the world claimed for its own and straightway forgot. Yet his silence might deserve respect. Enough, he said, had been written by those of old; his work was to try and make men understand the meaning of the treasures which they already possessed.

Vittorino dei Ramboldini was born of a noble but poor family in Feltre, in the year 1378. Having a taste for learning, he went to the University of Padua, where he maintained himself by acting as tutor to younger boys while he pursued his own studies. He was not satisfied merely with the ordinary reading for the doctor's degree, but wished also to obtain a knowledge of mathematics, a science then so little known that there was at Padua only one professor who was acquainted even with the outlines. He, moreover, lectured publicly on philosophy, and refused to part with his mathematical knowledge, except to private pupils on payment of large fees. These Vittorino's poverty made it hopeless for him to pay. In vain he

strove by entreaties to prevail on the avaricious Biagio Pelacane to give him a few lessons for the love of knowledge. In vain he tried to melt him by humility—even offering to work out the fees by rendering menial service. For six months Vittorino acted as his servant, waiting on him at table, and washing his plates and dishes; but the proud professor was relentless, and would have nothing but the money. Stung by such unworthy treatment, Vittorino procured a Euclid, and never rested till he had puzzled out for himself its contents, and by that means obtained a firm hold of the principles of geometry. He did not, however, wish to use his knowledge as food either for vanity or avarice. What he had so hardly learned he readily taught to any who came to him, till his fame spread in Padua and his story became known. Pelacane discovered, when it was too late, that generosity in education is the best policy, and that a reputation which wishes to stand upon the exclusive possession of knowledge rests on an insecure footing. He was exposed to ridicule, his pupils all deserted him, and he had to leave Padua for Parma, where he died five years afterwards, in 1416.

Henceforward Vittorino had a secure reputation in Padua, but he lived as a retired student, teaching a few pupils and ready to assist all who came to him. He knew much, but still was ignorant of Greek, till, in the year 1420, when he was more than forty years of age, he went to Venice to learn Greek from Guarino. In him he did not find another Pelacane but a warm-hearted student, who gladly taught him all he knew, and warmly appreciated his simple moral worth. Vittorino returned to Padua, and was regarded by all with reverence as a prodigy; by his own efforts he had raised himself to the rank of one of the greatest scholars in Italy. He was now past the prime of life and had shown no desire for self-advancement, no interest beyond a genuine love for knowledge. His company was eagerly sought, and his advice reverently asked and listened to. In 1422 the students of the gymnasium besought him to be their teacher in philosophy and rhetoric.

At the age of forty-four Vittorino first became a public teacher, and instituted that system of education on which his reputation is founded. Having no object in life except the good of his pupils, he devised the plan of living entirely among them. Accordingly he chose a few, whom he took to live with him in his own house and whose whole life was spent in

presence. Though this was the plan which he afterwards developed, he does not seem to have been successful at first. In a year he resigned his professorship at Padua, disgusted by the insolence and vices of his pupils, and went to Venice, where he at once opened a school. Numbers flocked to him immediately, for he was already known there through his acquaintance with Guarino. Many, however, who applied to him were condemned to disappointment, for he adhered rigorously to two rules—that he would not undertake to teach more scholars than he could do entire justice to, and that he would choose his scholars solely by reference to their fitness in character and intellect to profit by his teaching. No offers of enormous pay could tempt him to relax these rules. The son of the wealthy merchant was sent away, as too much spoiled already to be made much of; the beggar boy whose face had attracted Vittorino's attention in the street was chosen to fill the empty place in his rising schoolhouse. He did not, however, remain at Venice long enough to develop his system fully; in 1425 he received an invitation from Gian Francesco Gonzaga, lord of Mantua, to go to his court and undertake the education of his children. Gonzaga had selected him for this office solely on the ground of his merits; but it was some time before Vittorino could determine to expose his simple and straightforward character to the perils of a court life. He came to the conclusion at last that he would not be justified in refusing such an opportunity of extending his usefulness. He went to Mantua, and there taught without intermission for the next twenty-two years until his death.

Gian Francesco Gonzaga was a wise and prudent ruler, who knew how to consult the interests of his State. The position of his city on a promontory between two lakes made it almost impregnable, and the marquis knew how to use his soldiers to advantage in the perpetual wars between Venice and Milan. He was careful always to be well paid, either for his services or his neutrality, so his people prospered under his rule, and he, in imitation of his more powerful neighbour, Galeazzo Visconti, had instituted a luxurious court, and aimed at introducing greater refinement and intelligence among his people. His wife, Paola dei Malatesti of Rimini, was a woman of really noble character, combining with decided intellectual tastes great practical benevolence and unaffected affability. The Mantuans

regarded her with great respect and affection; "the orphans, the poor, and the monks honoured her as children do their mother, and the people flocked round her when she went into the streets." Nor was she less beloved by her husband, in whose will are contained the strictest injunctions to his successor to consult and obey his mother in all matters. We may assume that Paola had desired to have the best possible education for her children, and that her husband made no difficulties. He was a worthy man, but not of remarkable elevation of mind. Poggio praises him for "virtue, prudence, affability, anxious care for the welfare of learned men, and unceasing diligence in self-education," and his treatment of Vittorino shows that he could certainly appreciate merit in others.

Vittorino was well pleased with his first interview with the marquis. His only request was that he might have full authority over the servants of his young pupils, and over the youths who were educated with them. He made no stipulation about salary, saying that he had come to propagate virtue, not to make gain; but the marquis made him a liberal monthly allowance, and ordered his treasurer moreover to pay whatever Vittorino demanded. The house in which he was to live with his pupils pleased him greatly, but the whole life to which the boys had been accustomed seemed to him radically wrong. Luxury of every kind, rich food and drink, obsequious servants to do the slightest office, a number of the noblest youths of Mantua as attendants, all bent on commending themselves to the princes, all braggarts and flatterers—this was what Vittorino found, and it filled him with despair. How was education to proceed in such an atmosphere, and how was he to change it? His first thought was to resign his post at once as hopeless; but his second thought was that he was at least bound to do his best, and see if the marquis really had confidence in him, and would uphold his authority. Accordingly, he waited for a little while, and looked on, a passive spectator of the scene around him. He allowed every one to think that he was weak and careless, till they behaved in his presence as though he were not there, and so showed him their real character. When he had by this means obtained sure information about them, he suddenly began his reform. All the noble youths of Mantua, with only a few exceptions, were summarily dismissed. The household was rigorously cut down, and

the exact functions of the remaining servants were accurately fixed; a porter was put before the door to see that no one went in or out except by Vittorino's permission; and simple fare took the place of luxurious living. Vittorino had waited to make sure that his knowledge equalled his zeal, and then introduced all his reforms at once, and carried them out with decision. Great was the commotion in Mantua, and many were the complaints made to the marquis by parents, who felt aggrieved by this ignominious expulsion of their sons; but the military habits of the *condottiere* general made him sympathize with vigorous and sweeping measures. He refused to interfere, and waited to see some definite results of the system thus begun.

Vittorino was encouraged by this tolerance to persevere, and soon produced results about which no one could doubt. The young princes were not at first sight very promising pupils. Ludovico, the elder, was so fat that he could scarcely walk, and moved as if he had been made in one piece. His brother Carlo was, on the other hand, a tall awkward boy, of weakly and attenuated appearance. Vittorino felt it was useless to make much of minds enveloped in bodies such as these. His first care was to reduce the size of Ludovico, and feed up Carlo into decent proportions. He had a horror of corpulence, declaring that the mind must always be wearied that had to carry a heavy load, and would never be able to see if the cloud of the body were too dense; so he cut down Ludovico's food, and allowed him only simple diet. At the same time, not wishing to seem cruel, he gave him other amusements; and often, if he saw him eating gluttonously at dinner, would interest him in talk to make him forget his absorbing interest in his food; or he would have music and singing introduced to distract his attention, and then would give a signal that his plate should be quietly removed. For Carlo, on the other hand, he provided simple and nutritious diet, telling him to eat whenever he felt hungry, but only allowing him between his meals dry bread, which would be enough to satisfy his wants without encouraging him in gluttony. Under this careful treatment the boys rapidly improved in health and appearance, and their parents understood in a most convincing way the wisdom and value of Vittorino's training.

Secure of his position, Vittorino began to develop his system. He received numerous applications for admission to

the vacant places which his expulsions had made, but he subjected all candidates to a rigorous test and rejected all of whose character he disapproved, or who he thought were better fitted for other than intellectual pursuits. He chose his pupils reverently, and impressed upon them that they were entering upon a lofty calling, and that their schoolroom should be to them a holy place (*tantum sacellum ingressuros*). He demanded that they should give up everything to their studies, saying that a love of knowledge and a love of pleasure could not exist at the same time. He preferred the sons of noble parents, if they were equally fit, for thorough-bred colts, he said, were best worth training; but he took in and taught with equal care poor and ignoble youths, who showed signs of promise, and the payments made by the wealthy were devoted to the necessities of his poorer scholars. Under this system Mantua became the great educational centre of Italy, and pupils even crossed the Alps to obtain the benefits of Vittorino's teaching. His fame brought credit upon the town, and his simple manners and entire devotion to his own duties disarmed all possible hostility. Mantua soon became proud of him, and he was treated with reverence by all. The marquis rose to meet him when he appeared at court, and would never suffer him to stand in his presence. Wherever Vittorino went the tone of conversation ceased to be trivial, and he reproved even the marquis for loose or unseemly talking in his presence; the reverence due to youth was claimed by their teacher.

Vittorino's method of education was as universal and liberal as was the spirit of his age. He aimed at cultivating the entire man, in a fulness before which all modern definitions of culture seem narrow and one-sided. The idea of cultivation at present prevalent is that of the refined and high-minded man, who living in the world without being of it, tries to protect himself from its sordour by the free play of his critical faculties, which he uses with equal freedom upon everything, so as to avoid falling under the tyranny of any. Cultivation is realized by abstraction from the current of ordinary life. This was not the culture of the Renaissance, for then man felt that the world and all its contents were his own possession, and that his surroundings could be moulded entirely to his will. Vittorino did not arm his pupils merely for defence against this world. He equipped them that they might conquer it for themselves. Their future was dark

and admitted of endless possibilities; they might become princes, generals, statesmen, cardinals, bishops, or men of letters. Noble birth in those changing times did not necessarily imply hereditary rights; obscure origin did not hopelessly debar from the richest principalities. Any of the youths before him might be called by accident, or win his way by his own talents, to the loftiest positions. One thing only was certain, that the keen intellect was sure to carve out its fortune.

So Vittorino trained his pupils in all knightly and martial exercises, in which he always took part himself, and taught their bodies agility by athletics, which he always superintended. Riding, wrestling, fencing, archery, tennis, foot-races, and swimming, formed part of their daily occupations. Sometimes he would lead them to the chase, or instruct them in fishing. Sometimes he would divide them into squadrons, and organize a sham fight; now he would lead one party to the charge, now help their enemy to hold their mimic castle, and "his heart rejoiced when their shouts went up to heaven and all was filled with dust." He inured them to suffer hardships and be brave, to be indifferent to heat and cold, and never shrink from danger. "Remember, my dear boys," he used to say, "you know not what manner of life Providence may have ordained for you." He allowed no lounging round the fire even on the coldest day, but insisted that the boys should gain warmth by exercise. He was careful that their food should be simple, and set them an example of extreme sobriety; as they pressed things upon him at meals, he would laugh and say, "See how different we are; you are anxious that I should want nothing; I, on the contrary, am careful that you should have nothing unnecessary." He felt that excess of eating and sleeping, and personal indolence and effeminacy, were the first fertile sources of the moral and physical disorders of youth, and that it was useless to attempt to educate the mind, if the body were neglected. Yet with all this he was most careful of their health, watching over each of his pupils, and from time to time taking them all to the hills for change of air.

But he did not only develop the body in this way, he was most careful also to refine it. He corrected all faults in voice and enunciation, removed all awkwardness of manner, remedied small personal defects, and instilled dignity and decorum. He taught his pupils to avoid all obtrusive

peculiarities, and above all fidgetiness; if a boy was restless, he would draw a circle on the floor and bid him not come out of it for a given time. He insisted on great attention to personal neatness, and saw that every boy was well dressed in accordance with his rank, and always carefully; yet he was a bitter foe to foppery, and mocked at those who looked at themselves too long in the glass: he allowed no scents or unguents, for he considered them to be signs of effeminacy. His pupils were trained in all social graces as well as in bodily prowess: they were taught to dance and sing, that they might be fit to shine in the festival as well as on the field.

In matters of intellectual training he was equally universal in his principles and method. He did not disdain to teach the youngest boys, but rather was unwilling to build upon another man's foundation. His advice to all who were anxious to prepare for his teaching was, "to unlearn at once what by misfortune they had mislearned elsewhere." He taught little boys their alphabet by giving them as toys letters of various colours. He watched the direction which the growing curiosity of the youthful mind most naturally took, that he might gain indications of its natural capacity and bent. A boy's natural talents, he said, were like a field, which if well tilled would produce a fruitful crop of knowledge; but the tillage must be adapted to the field, and the boy's mind must be indulged in that study in which it took the greatest delight. So Vittorino was resolved to supply teaching in all possible subjects, and trained up teachers according to his own views, to whom he would assign special branches of knowledge. He even brought over four native Greeks that they might teach their language accurately. All these masters were treated by him with perfect impartiality, and their subjects met with equal respect. Civil and canon law and natural philosophy were the only special subjects for which he did not provide teachers; but if any student, who had gone through his general course, showed an aptitude for these pursuits, he advised him in the choice of a university, and, if he were poor, maintained him during his studies there. In days when manuscripts were a costly possession, Vittorino's library was renowned throughout Italy, so that his scholars were well provided with every means of study.

He taught first the ordinary subjects of the trivium, and began by a training in

the classical languages, literature, and history. "How foolish," exclaims one of his disciples, Sassuolo da Prato, "are those who strive to study philosophy without an accurate knowledge of the language in which it was written; who do not know that Plato is like Jupiter speaking Greek, and Aristotle rolls on a golden river of speech. No wonder that such incompetent inquirers fail to understand philosophy altogether, and content themselves with the barren teaching of the schoolmen; and while they think they are leading home Minerva as their chaste bride, know not that it is Calypso, a most wanton woman, whom they hold in their embrace." From this fatal ignorance Vittorino secured his pupils by giving them a broad basis of literary training. Virgil, Homer, Cicero, and Demosthenes, were the authors whom he first taught, and the experience of schoolmasters since his days has not been able to suggest anything better. When his pupils had obtained a tolerable knowledge of the classics, they were next taught dialectic, the science of sound logic, and were well exercised in the examination and detection of fallacies in common reasoning. From dialectic they went to rhetoric, and were taught to write, read, and speak correctly and gracefully. Public disputations were held by them, and Vittorino sat by to judge and arbitrate between their arguments. Mathematics and music were ordinarily the subjects next pursued.

As a teacher, Vittorino aimed especially at clearness and simplicity: he considered carefully beforehand the subject on which he was going to lecture; and then trusted to the impulse of the moment to enable him to state accurately and intelligently what he had to say. His expressions, as became his character, were always refined and modest; but he was careful not to seem to commend himself by his method of teaching, nor to allow graces of style to hide and overlay the matters he was explaining. He did not encourage his pupils to ask explanations at once of what they could not understand, but bade them go away after each lesson and think it over while it was fresh in their minds; if they found any difficulties they were to come for explanation afterwards. He was anxious to secure attention by kindling interest; he often purposely made mistakes in explaining passages from the classical authors, to see if his class would correct him. He strengthened the memory of his scholars by making them learn by heart the finest pas-

sages of the authors they were reading. He was very careful in looking over their exercises, and always pointed out accurately the reason for any objections he had to raise. So ready was his sympathy with his pupils that he would shed tears of joy over a good composition.

He maintained discipline by his force of character, and rarely had recourse to personal chastisement. Remonstrances and reproofs were sufficient, for he was never suspected of partiality, and was most careful to escape being misled by anger. He knew that he was naturally of a choleric disposition, and so took every precaution against it; his elder pupils were charged, if ever they saw him likely to lose his temper, to interrupt him by some question, or call him away to ask his opinion on some other subject, that so he might have time to recover his equal balance of mind. He knew well how to appeal by simple honesty to the boyish mind, and all quailed before his anger or scorn. He was careful by judicious praise to encourage the timid, and would remorselessly rally the forward to cure them of arrogance.

The moral side of Vittorino's system has been already noticed in some of its chief points. He would receive no boy whom he did not believe to be free from vices, and he allowed no one to come near his pupils except by his permission. He lived entirely among them, and never willingly lost sight of them. He fed them simply, and took care that all their time was well employed. Being a man of fervent piety, he attended mass daily and took his pupils with him. He kept far from them everything that could suggest disorder or even indecorum. Carlo Gonzaga, some time after he had left Vittorino's care returning to his old school and engaging in a game of tennis, forgot himself in the excitement of the moment, when he had made a bad stroke, and uttered an oath. Vittorino, who was standing by as a spectator, sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and boxed his ears soundly, overwhelming the youth with such bitter reproaches that he fell upon his knees, and, confessing humbly his fault, besought Vittorino to forgive him. Moved by his sorrow the master's anger passed away, and, with tears in his eyes, he thanked heaven for a pupil so obedient to reproof.

Such is a brief sketch of the various sides of Vittorino's system of education; his pupils showed forth its fruits. Ludovico Gonzaga, who succeeded his father in 1444, was not only a second founder to Mantua and a great patron of the arts and

letters, but was beloved by his people for his justice and humanity. Carlo Gonzaga, it is true, quarrelled with his brother, and led a wandering life, but was renowned for his learning and personal kindness. The third son, Gian Lucido, was a prodigy of learning. Ambrogio Traversari tells us that Vittorino once brought Gian Lucido with him on a visit to Camaldoli, when the boy, who was only of the age of fourteen, recited a Latin poem of two hundred lines, which he had written in honour of a visit of the emperor Sigismund to Mantua. "The poem was beautiful, but the sweetness with which it was recited increased its nobility and elegance. This amiable youth showed us two propositions which he had added to the geometry of Euclid. There was also a daughter of the marquis, about the age of twelve, who wrote Greek with such elegance that I felt ashamed of myself when I thought that scarcely one of my pupils could write it so well."

The daughter here mentioned, Cecilia Gonzaga, was a devoted pupil of Vittorino, and afterwards, to the great anger of her father, refused to marry the profligate Oddantonio of Montefeltro, Count of Urbino, and insisted upon taking the veil. The fame of her learning and piety is widely spread among the writers of the time. The youngest son of the marquis, Alessandro Gonzaga, suffered under ill-health, which he bore with patience, devoting all his time to literary pursuits, and living a retired and contented life till death.

It would be tedious to enumerate the various men of literary and political eminence in their day, who came from Vittorino's school and bore the impress of his training. A glance down the long list of his pupils shows how his teaching influenced the time; but one shines among them, who was Vittorino's favourite pupil, and whose noble life testifies that he deserved his master's preference—Federigo, who, on the murder of Count Oddantonio, was called by the people of Urbino to be their prince. Federigo of Urbino is the ideal Italian prince—a bold and successful general, a wise and merciful governor, a bounteous patron of arts and letters, a most polished and accomplished cavalier whose ready courtesy extended to the humblest of his subjects. He was a true father of his people, to whom they all flocked for advice and assistance in their personal difficulties, and whose sympathy and help the poorest knew he could claim. Under him Urbino grew into a political and literary capital, and his fame was so far

spread abroad that Edward IV. of England sent to invest him with the order of the Garter.*

The account of Vittorino's school is also the history of his life; for all his interests were centred in his pupils, and when friends exhorted him to marry he would point to his scholars and exclaim, "These are my children." All the money which he received he spent in the maintenance of poor students, or in acts of charity. He was diligent in visiting the poor, he ransomed slaves, released debtors from prison, supplied medicine to those who could not afford to buy it, and indulged in the graceful charity of providing dowries for poor and deserving girls. For these purposes he drew from the prince's treasury such sums as he thought he might reasonably take as almoner. If he wanted more he would apply to the wealthy men in the city, and never failed to have his requests supplied.

The only important event that disturbed his orderly life was the quarrel between the marquis and his eldest son, Ludovico, who, thinking himself slighted by his father, ran away to Duke Filippo Maria Visconti of Mi'an, in 1436. His father, enraged at the political complications to which this gave rise, obtained from the emperor Sigismund an authorization enabling him to disinherit the rebellious boy. Vittorino tried to make peace, and was assisted in this emphatically, but not wisely, by the eccentric sage Poggio Bracciolini. His proceedings in the matter give an amusing specimen of the relations existing at that time between princes and men of letters. Poggio wrote to Vittorino, saying, that though they only knew one another by name, he had heard so much of Vittorino's love for learning and learned men, that he felt no scruple in lading him with the duty of delivering to the marquis of Mantua a letter which he enclosed. The letter contained a good scolding for the marquis. His son, Poggio said, had done wrong, it was true, but it was the father's fault for treating him unkindly. His offence had not been against the State, but against his father, and he had done himself more harm by his proceedings than he had done his father. It was not right to punish him so

* A few other names may be worth mentioning of Vittorino's more eminent pupils: Francesco Prendilacqua, of Mantua, who wrote his life; Gregorio Coraro of Venice; Giambattista Pallavicini, bishop of Reggio; Taddeo de' Manfredi, lord of Imola; Antonio Beccaria of Verona; Francesco da Castiglione; Gregorio Guarino, whose father sent him to Vittorino as better able to teach than himself, and Lorenzo Valla.

severely. "I know," said Poggio, "that princes are praised whatever they do, and are surrounded by flatterers, who always approve of their plans. I write to give you good and sound advice." Vittorino doubted whether the letter would produce the effect which Poggio desired; so he waited two months before presenting it, perhaps trying meanwhile to prepare the marquis's mind for what was coming. His efforts, however, were in vain, as Gonzaga refused to receive the letter, and ordered Vittorino to send it back. Great was Poggio's indignation. He wrote angrily to Vittorino for not having executed his commission at once. A marquis of Mantua, he bitterly remarked, is not a second Cæsar, that his time should be so valuable as not to receive a letter when sent. If he had been a man of any culture such a letter would have been acceptable to him. It certainly was good enough for him, for it had been shown beforehand to the pope, and had met with his approval. At the same time Poggio wrote a respectful yet stinging letter to the marquis; he had heard that he had literary tastes, and assumed that he was consequently polished and refined, and superior to vulgar insolence and pride. Trusting to this belief, he had ventured to write and address him. He was sorry his letter had not been received as he expected: however, the marquis was the best judge of his own matters. The letter would be shown to those who could appreciate it, as it was founded on reason and supported by arguments which had cogency in themselves, and did not depend merely on their favourable reception by him to whom they were addressed.

We do not know the end of this squabble. Most probably the fear of affronting one who could use his pen with such pungency as Poggio induced the marquis to receive his letter at last. At all events, a few years afterwards Poggio writes of Gian Francesco Gonzaga in a friendly tone, which he would not have adopted if any grudge had rankled in his breast. The unhappy quarrel between father and son was settled by natural affection and motives of policy, and Gian Francesco laid aside his intention of disinheriting his son, to Vittorino's great joy.

Little remains to be told of Vittorino's life. He died at the age of sixty-eight, in 1446, two years after the accession of his pupil Ludovico. He continued teaching up to the time of his death, and reaped the fruits of his healthy and regular life by entire freedom from the annoyances of old

age. His biographers record their admiration that he showed no signs of decaying faculties or decreasing vigour. He was in appearance a little man, of impetuous temperament, of spare habit of body, with a fresh, ruddy complexion and sharp features, and a frank, honest, and genial expression of countenance.

Vittorino da Feltre possessed an honesty and simplicity of character, together with a noble self-devotion to a great cause, which would always arrest the attention of any one who came upon the record of his life. But besides his moral worth, the actual work on which he was engaged is still of living interest for us. The system of education existing at present is the legacy of the Renaissance impulse; the ideal of a "classical education" is embodied in the system which Vittorino carried out.

But Vittorino lived in one of the rare periods of the world's history when man had realized his spiritual freedom; when the world had lost its terrors, and its irconcilable antagonisms were for a short space at rest; when, like Dante at the entrance of the earthly paradise, man felt both crown and mitre fixed firmly upon his brow. At such time the teacher, withheld by no inner contradictions, might venture to make his teaching a real reproduction of the variety of actual life. He was not bound to develop merely the intellect, through fear of venturing into dangerous regions of discussion if he advanced beyond simple intellectual training. He was not restrained from encouraging to their fullest extent all manly exercises through fear that they would become too engrossing, for Italian society was too refined to admit a mere athlete into any position of prominence. He was not checked in the adaptation of his teaching to the real conditions of life by the pre-eminent necessity of maintaining a decent standard of morality among an unwieldy and unmanageable mob of boys unnaturally removed from the ordinary motives to conduct.

In this last point lies the great difference between Vittorino's teaching and all modern methods. He dealt with boys whom he had previously selected as likely to profit by his teaching,—dealt with a number sufficiently small to allow of his real personal supervision. He lived amongst them an honest, simple life, and the fact of his presence among them was the foundation and system of order and discipline. There was no oppressive enforcement of trivial rules, insignificant in themselves and founded upon no obvious principle; but master and pupils lived a

common life, and acted freely together, because their ends were the same, and because the life they led was not different in kind, though simpler, healthier, and more active in degree, than the common life of the world whose voice surged round the walls of their schoolrooms. Schools amongst us are founded on a quite different basis from that of Vittorino. They are great public institutions for the good of certain classes in society, into which any one can claim admission, and from which expulsion is regarded as a serious disgrace. Hence they are overgrown, and unmanageable except by a system of military discipline. To discipline mainly are given up the energies of those engaged in education, and the real moral and intellectual advancement of the individual pupil is subordinate to the formal organization of the society. Schools grow up each with a recognizable type of character of its own, with traditions and customs which every now and then, when brought into prominence, create equal astonishment and disgust in the minds of those who have not been subjected to them, with a set of principles which have often to be exchanged, and always to be largely modified by the schoolboy when he goes out into the world. This essential difference, which is the fault, not of our schools, and still less of their teachers, but of our whole social condition and our social aims, renders impossible amongst us the flower of perfect training which Vittorino tried to cultivate and develop.

Vittorino's teaching was as broad and liberal as was the life of man, and aimed at nothing less than the full development of individual character, the entire realization of all human capacity and force. Yet it is wonderful to notice how this revolt against the narrow ecclesiastical spirit of the Middle Ages, this deliberate working-out of the freedom which the Renaissance had proclaimed, still clothed itself in the trappings of the old monastic institutions, and modelled itself after the fashion of what it had risen to subvert. Vittorino arose a monk of the order of the Renaissance, who went out into the wilderness and gathered round him a little band, whom he trained that they might labour after he was gone, till the waste places should blossom like the rose. He would have no half-hearted disciples; they must give themselves entirely up to him, and submit themselves to his will. "Unlearn," such were his requirements from a neophyte, "what grossness you have mislearned before. Purge your mind from

every prejudice and vicious habit, and give yourself up entirely to a teacher who bestows on you a father's care, and whom you must obey as a son." He trained them up to an ascetic system, not that they might elevate the spirit by subduing the flesh, but that they might acquire wholesome habits, and "have their bodies better fitted for all exercises of knightly and courtly grace."

He was their intellectual director and father confessor, to whom they came and told all the deviations of which they had been guilty from the course of life and study which he had laid down for them. His disciples went forth and preached to others the glories of their master, and stirred up sluggish souls to intellectual efforts. Here is a letter of one of Vittorino's zealous converts, Sassuolo da Prato:—"Let two things only be abolished, first bad masters, who being themselves ignorant of liberal arts, necessarily cannot teach them to others: secondly, those parents, the plagues of children, who, blinded by the most unworthy desires, are unable to see the brilliancy of virtue. For how few fathers are there in this our day who take their sons to school, with no other object than that they may come back really better! Every one despises literary culture, admires and loves law and medicine as the means best adapted for making money. The study of literature, they assert, is simply a short cut to ruin. Nor is this only the opinion of the ignorant multitude; but, what is more grievous to be borne, philosophers, themselves teachers of wisdom, and instillers of virtue, allow their pupils to turn their attention to any source of sordid gain, to any servile task, rather than spend their time on liberalizing studies. Oh, wretched times! oh, age—would that I could call it iron, but it produces nothing but softness, languor, and effeminacy! But it is useless to storm. The recovery of the parents is desperate, as their disease is inveterate. But let us rather admonish and exhort youths who are fired with zeal for letters and virtue, to hold firm to the belief that natural affection itself requires them to oppose the wishes of parents such as these, and to hold to virtue. If they take my advice, they will shun not only all intercourse with their parents, but even their eye, as though it were a basilisk's, and will betake themselves instead to the excellent Vittorino, the common father of all studies. By him, let them trust me, they will be received with such hospitable liberality that they will feel no further

regret for relatives or home. Moreover they will have all the opportunities of study which they can desire, first, store of books, then teachers, both of Latin and Greek, not only Vittorino himself, but many others able and erudite, from whom they may learn oratory, mathematics, and philosophy."

We seem to hear a pupil of a new St. Francis preaching to all enthusiastic youths that they should break through every natural tie, and embrace the higher life of literary culture which this great teacher has to set before them.

In the same tone of respectful reverence does the pleasant Florentine biographer of the worthies of the fifteenth century, Vespasiano da Bisticci, speak of him:—

"Vittorino's sole employment was to show to others the admirable example of his own life, to exhort and rouse all to a life of good habits, showing them that all things that we do in this world ought to be done that we may so live as to receive in the end the fruits of our labours. He was not content to give, solely for the love of God, what he had gained by his own sweat and toil, but he laboured that others might do likewise. Poor boys, whom he undertook to educate, he not only taught for the love of God, but supported in all their needs; nor was it enough that he should spend his own salary in so doing, but every year, to supply their wants, himself went forth as a beggar. Almighty God, how great a light of Thy grace had Vittorino, who, having read the words of Thy Holy Gospel, 'Give and it shall be given,' not only did it with his substance, leaving himself nothing, but laboured that others should do the same."

Such was Vittorino da Feltre, a true saint of the Renaissance, who combined all the breadth and fulness of the new culture with all the zeal of the old faith, and by a life of cultivated asceticism and reflective self-denial, laboured to stamp upon the minds of his disciples the impress of his own character, the breadth and fervour of his own knowledge.

M. CREIGHTON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARISH.

THE parish of Brentburn lies in the very heart of the leafy county of Berks.

It is curiously situated on the borders of the forest, which is rich as Arden on one side, and on the edge of a moorland country abounding in pines and heather on the other; so that in the course of a moderate walk the wayfarer can pass from leafy glades and luxuriant breadth of shadow, great wealthy oaks and beeches, and stately chestnuts such as clothe Italian hillsides, to the columned fir-trees of a Scotch wood, all aromatic with wild fragrant odours of the moor and peat-moss. On one hand, the eye and the imagination lose themselves in soft woods where Orlando might hang his verses, and heavenly Rosalind flout her lover. On the other, knee-deep in rustling heather and prickly billows of the gorse, the spectator looks over dark undulations of pines, standing up in countless regiments, each line and rank marked against the sky, and an Ossianic breeze making wild music through them. At the corner, where these two landscapes, so strangely different, approach each other most closely, stand the church and rectory of Brentburn. The church, I am sorry to say, is new spick-and-span nineteenth-century Gothic, much more painfully correct than if it had been built in the fourteenth century, as it would fain, but for its newness, make believe to be. The rectory is still less engaging than the church. It is of red brick, and the last rector, so long as he lived in it, tried hard to make his friends believe that it was of Queen Anne's time—that last distinctive age of domestic architecture; but he knew very well all the while that it was only an ugly Georgian house, built at the end of the last century. It had a carriage-entrance with the ordinary round "sweep" and clump of laurel, and it was a good-sized house, and comfortable enough in a steady, ugly, respectable way. The other side, however, which looked upon a large garden older far than itself, where mossed apple-trees stood among the vegetable-beds in the distant corners, and a delicious green velvet lawn, soft with immemorial turf, spread before the windows, was pleasanter than the front view. There was a large mulberry-tree in the middle of the grass, which is as a patent of nobility to any lawn; and a few other trees were scattered about—a gnarled old thorn for one, which made the whole world sweet in its season, and an apple-tree and a cherry at the further corners, which had, of course, no business to be there. The high walls were clothed with fruit-trees, a green wavy lining, to their very top—or

in spring rather a mystic, wonderful drape of white and pink which dazzled all beholders. This, I am sorry to say, at the time my story begins, was more lovely than profitable; for, indeed, so large a garden would have required two gardeners to keep it in perfect order, while all it had was the chance attentions of a boy-of-all-work. A door, cut in this living wall of blossoms led straight out to the common, which was scarcely less sweet in spring; and a little way above, on a higher elevation, was the church surrounded by its graves. Beyond this, towards the south, towards the forest, the wealthy, warm English side, there were perhaps a dozen houses, an untidy shop, and the post-office called Little Brentburn, to distinguish it from the larger village, which was at some distance. The cottages were almost all old, but this hamlet was not pretty. Its central feature was a duck-pond, its ways were muddy, its appearance squalid. There was no squire in the parish to keep it in order, no benevolent rich proprietor, no wealthy clergyman; and this brings us at once to the inhabitants of the rectory, with whom we have most concern.

The rector had not resided in the parish for a long time — between fifteen and twenty years. It was a college living, of the value of four hundred and fifty pounds a year, and it had been conferred upon the Rev. Reginald Chester, who was a fellow of the college, as long ago as the time I mention. Mr. Chester was a very good scholar, and a man of very refined tastes. He had lived in his rooms at Oxford, and in various choice regions of the world, specially in France and Italy, up to the age of forty, indulging all his favourite (and quite virtuous) tastes, and living a very pleasant if not a very useful life. He had a little fortune of his own, and he had his fellowship, and was able to keep up congenial society, and to indulge himself in almost all the indulgences he liked. Why he should have accepted the living of Brentburn it would be hard to say; I suppose there is always an attraction, even to the most philosophical, in a few additional hundreds a year. He took it, keeping out poor Arlington who had the next claim, and who wanted to marry, and longed for a country parish. Mr. Chester did not want to marry, and hated everything parochial; but he took the living all the same. He came to live at Brentburn in the beginning of summer, furnishing the house substantially, with Turkey carpets, and huge mountains of mahogany

— for the science of furniture had scarcely been developed in those days; and for the first few months, having brought an excellent cook with him, and finding his friends in town quite willing to spend a day or two by times in the country, and being within an hour's journey of London, he got on tolerably well. But the winter was a very different matter. His friends no longer cared to come. There was good hunting to be sure, but Mr. Chester's friends in general were not hunting men, and the country was damp and rheumatic, and the society more agricultural than intellectual. Then his cook, still more important, mutinied. She had never been used to it, and her kitchen was damp, and she had no means of improving herself "in this hole," as she irreverently called the rectory of Brentburn. Heroically, in spite of this, in spite of the filthy roads, the complaints of the poor, an indifferent cook, and next to no society, Mr. Chester held out for two long years. The damp crept on him, into his very bones. He got incipient rheumatism, and he had a sharp attack of bronchitis. This was in spring, the most dangerous season when your lungs are weak; and in Mr. Chester's family there had at one time been a girl who died of consumption. He was just at the age when men are most careful of their lives, when, waking out of the confidence of youth, they begin to realize that they are mortal, and one day or other must die. He took fright; he consulted a kind physician, who was quite ready to certify that his health required Mentone or Spitzbergen, whichever the patient wished; and then Mr. Chester advertised for a curate. The parish was so small that up to this moment he had not had any occasion for such an article. He got a most superior person, the Rev. Cecil St. John, who was very ready and happy to undertake all the duties for less than half of the stipend. Mr. Chester was a liberal man in his way. He let Mr. St. John have the rectory to live in, and the use of all his furniture, except his best Turkey carpets, which it must be allowed were too good for a curate; and then, with heart relieved, he took his way into the south and the sunshine. What a relief it was! He soon got better at Mentone, and went on to more amusing and attractive places; but as it was on account of his health that he had got rid of his parish, consistency required that he should continue to be "delicate." Nothing is more easy than to manage this when one has money enough and nothing to do.

He bought a small villa near Naples, with the best possible aspect, sheltered from the east wind. He became a great authority on the antiquities of the neighbourhood, and in this way had a constant change and variety of the very best society. He took great care of himself; was never out at sunset, avoided the sirocco, and took great precautions against fever. He even began to plan a book about Pompeii. And thus the years glided by quite peacefully in the most refined of occupations, and he had almost forgotten that he ever was rector of Brentburn. Young fellows of his college recollected it from time to time, and asked querulously if he never meant to die. "You may be sure he will never die if he can help it," the provost of that learned community replied, chuckling, for he knew his man. And meantime Mr. St. John, who was the curate in charge, settled down and made himself comfortable, and forgot that he was not there in his own right. It is natural a man should feel so who has been priest of a parish for nearly twenty years.

This Mr. St. John was a man of great tranquillity of mind, and with little energy of disposition. Where he was set down there he remained, taking all that Providence sent him very dutifully, without any effort to change what might be objectionable or amend what was faulty; nobody could be more accomplished than he was in the art of "putting up with" whatsoever befell him." When once he had been established anywhere, only something from without could move him—never any impulse from within. He took what happened to him, as the birds took the crumbs he threw out to them, without question or preference. The only thing in which he ever took an initiative was in kindness. He could not bear to hurt any one's feelings, to make any one unhappy, and by dint of his submissiveness of mind he was scarcely ever unhappy himself. The poor people all loved him; he never could refuse them anything, and his reproofs were balms which broke no man's head. He was indeed, but for his sympathy, more like an object in nature—a serene soft hillside touched by the lights and shadows of changeable skies, yet never really affected by them except for the moment—than a suffering and rejoicing human creature.

On a fair landscape some have looked

And felt, as I have heard them say,

As if the fleeting time had been

A thing as steadfast as the scene

On which they gazed themselves away.

This was the effect Mr. St. John produced upon his friends and the parish; change seemed impossible to him—and that he could die, or disappear, or be anything different from what he was, was as hard to conceive as it was to realize that distinct geological moment when the hills were all in fusion and there was not a tree in the forest. That this should be the case in respect to the curate in charge, whose position was on sufferance, and whom any accident happening to another old man in Italy, or any caprice of that old man's fancy, could sweep away out of the place as if he had never been, gave additional quaintness yet power to the universal impression. Nobody could imagine what Brentburn would be like without Mr. St. John, and he himself was of the same mind.

At the period when this story commences the curate was a widower with "two families." He had been so imprudent as to marry twice; he had two daughters grown up, who were coming to him but had not arrived, and he had two little baby boys, whose mother had recently died. But how this mother and these boys came about, to Mr. St. John's great surprise—and who the daughters were who were coming to take charge of him—I must tell before I go on any further. The whole episode of his second marriage was quite accidental in the curate's life.

CHAPTER II.

THE PREVIOUS HISTORY OF MR. ST. JOHN.

THE reverend Cecil St. John started in life, not so much under a false impression himself, as conveying one right and left wherever he moved. With such a name it seemed certain that he must be a man of good family, well-connected to the highest level of good connections; but he was not. I cannot tell how this happened, or where he got his name. When he was questioned about his family he declared himself to have no relations at all. He was his father's only child, and his father had been some one else's only child; and the result was that he had nobody belonging to him. The people at Weston-on-Weir, which was his first curacy, had a tradition that his grandfather had been disowned and disinherited by his family on account of a romantic marriage; but this, I fear, was pure fable invented by some parish authority with a lively imagination. All the years he spent at Weston nobody, except an old pupil, ever asked

for him; he possessed no family possessions, not even an old seal, or bit of china. His father had been a curate before him, and was dead and gone, leaving no ties in the world to his only boy. This had happened so long ago that Mr. St. John had long ceased to be sad about it before he came to Weston, and though the ladies there were very sorry for his loneliness, I am not sure that it occurred to himself to be sorry. He was used to it. He had stayed in Oxford for some years after he took his degree, working with pupils; so that he was about five-and-thirty when he took his first curacy, moved, I suppose, by some sense of the monotony of an unprogressive life. At five-and-thirty one has ceased to feel certain that everything must go well with one, and probably it occurred to him that the church would bring repose and quiet, which he loved, and possibly some quiet promotion. Therefore he accepted the curacy of Weston-on-Weir, and got lodgings in Mrs. Joyce's, and settled there. The parish was somewhat excited about his coming, and many people at first entertained the notion that his proper title was honourable and reverend. But alas! that turned out, as I have said, a delusion. Still, without the honourable, such a name as that of Cecil St. John was enough to flutter a parish, and did so. Even the sight of him did not dissipate the charm, for he was handsome, very tall, slight, serious, and interesting. "Like a young widower," some of the ladies thought; others, more romantic, felt that he must have a history, must have sustained a blight; but if he had, he never said anything about it, and settled down to his duties in a calm matter-of-fact sort of way, as if his name had been John Smith.

Everybody who knows Weston-on-Weir is aware that Mrs. Joyce's cottage is very near the vicarage. The vicar, Mr. Maydew, was an old man, and all but incapable of work, which was the reason why he kept a curate. He was a popular vicar, but a selfish man, whose family had always been swayed despotically by his will, though scarcely any of them were aware of it, for his iron hand was hidden in the velvettest of gloves, and all the Maydews were devoted to their father. He had sent one son to India, where he died, and another to Australia, where he had been lost for years. His eldest daughter had married a wealthy person in Manchester, but had died too, at an early age, for none of them were strong; thus his youngest daughter, Hester, was the only one left to him. Her he could

not spare; almost from her cradle he had seen that this was the one to be his companion in his old age, and inexorably he had guarded her for this fate. No man had ever been allowed to approach Hester, in whose eyes any gleam of admiration or kindness for her had appeared. It had been tacitly understood all along that she was never to leave her father, and as he was very kind in manner, Hester accepted the lot with enthusiasm, and thought it was her own choice, and that nothing could ever tempt her to abandon him. What was to become of her when her father had left her, Hester never asked herself, and neither did the old man, who was less innocent in his thoughtlessness. "Something will turn up for Hester," he said in his cheerful moods, and "The Lord will provide for so good a daughter," he said in his solemn ones. But he acted as if it were no concern of his, and so, firm in doing the duty that lay nearest her hand, did she, which was less wonderful. Hester had lived to be thirty when Mr. St. John came to Weston. She was already called an old maid by the young and gay, and even by the elder people about. She was almost pretty in a quiet way, though many people thought her *quite* plain. She had a transparent soft complexion, not brilliant, but pure; soft brown eyes, very kind and tender; fine silky brown hair, and a trim figure; but no features to speak of, and no style, and lived contented in the old rotten tumble-down vicarage, doing the same thing every day at the same hour year after year, serving her father and the parish, attending all the church services, visiting the schools and the sick people. I hope good women who live in this dutiful routine get to like it, and find a happiness in the thought of so much humble handmaiden's work performed so steadily; but to the profane and the busy it seems hard thus to wear away a life.

When Mr. St. John came to the parish it was avowedly to relieve old Mr. Maydew of the duty, not to help him in it. Now and then the old vicar would show on a fine day, and preach one of his old sermons; but, except for this, everything was left to Mr. St. John. He was not, however, allowed on that account to rule the parish. He had to go and come constantly to the vicarage to receive directions, or advice which was as imperative; and many a day walked to church or into the village with Miss Hester, whom nobody ever called Miss Maydew, though she had for years had a right to the name. The result, which some people thought very

natural, and some people quite absurd, soon followed. Quietly, gradually, the two fell in love with each other. There were people in the parish who were quite philanthropically indignant when they heard of it, and very anxious that Mr. St. John should be undeceived, if any idea of Hester Maydew having money was in his thoughts. But they might have spared themselves the trouble. Mr. St. John was not thinking of money. He was not even thinking of marriage. It never occurred to him to make any violent opposition, when Hester informed him, timidly, fearing I know not what demonstration of lover-like impatience, of her promise never to leave her father. He was willing to wait. To spend every evening in the vicarage, to see her two or three times a day, going and coming; to consult her on everything, and inform her of everything that happened to him, was quite enough for the curate. He used to tell her so; while Hester's heart, wrung with pleasure and pain together, half stood still with wonder, not knowing how a man could bear it, yet glad he should. How much there is in the hearts of such good women which never can come into words! She had in her still soul a whole world of ideal people—the ideal man as well as the ideal woman—and her ideal man would not have been content. Yet *he* was, and she was glad; or rather I should say thankful, which is a different feeling. And thus they went on for ten years. Ten years! an eternity to look forward to—a lifetime to look back upon; yet slipping away so softly, day upon day, that Mr. St. John at least never realized the passage of time. He was a very good clergyman, very kind to the poor people and to the children, very ready to be of service to any one who wanted his services, seeking no diversion or ease except to go down to the vicarage in the evening by that path which his patient feet had made, to play backgammon with the vicar and talk to Hester. I cannot see, for my part, why they should not have married, and occupied the vicarage together; but such an arrangement would not have suited Mr. Maydew, and Hester was well aware of the impossibility of serving two masters. So year came after year, and hour after hour, as if there were no changes in human existence, but everything was as steady and immovable as the surface of that tranquil rural world.

When Mr. Maydew died at last it was quite a shock to the curate; and then it was evident that something must be done. They hoped for a little while that Lord

Weston might have given the living to Mr. St. John, who was so much beloved in the parish; but it had been promised years before to his old tutor, and there was an end of that expectation. I think Hester had almost come to doubt whether her curate had energy to marry her when she was thus set free; but there she did him injustice. Though he had not a notion how they were to live, he would have married her on the spot had decorum permitted. It was some time, however, before he heard of anything which would justify them in marrying. He had little interest out of the parish, and was shy of asking anything from the few people he did know. When they were told of Brentburn, and the rector's bad health, they both felt it a special providence that Mr. Chester's lungs should be weak. There was the rectory to live in, and two hundred pounds a year, which seemed a fortune to them both; and they married upon it with as much confidence as if it had been two thousand. They were almost old people when they set off from the little church at Weston bride and bridegroom; yet very young in the tranquillity of their souls. Mr. St. John was thoroughly happy—not much more happy indeed than when he had walked down across the grass to the vicarage—but not less so; and if Hester felt a thrill of disappointment deep down in her heart at his calm, she loved him all the same, and knew his goodness, and was happy too. She was a woman of genius in her way—not poetical or literary genius—but that which is as good, perhaps better. She managed to live upon her two hundred a year as few of us can do upon three or four times the sum. Waste was impossible to her; and want appeared as impossible. She guided her house as well, as only genius can—without any pitiful economies, without any undue sparing, making a kind, warm, beneficent, living house of it, and yet keeping within her income. I don't pretend to know how she did it, any more than I can tell you how Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet." It was quite easy to him—and to her; but if one knew how, one would be as great a poet as he was, as great an economist as she. Mr. St. John was perfectly happy; perhaps even a little more happy than when he used to walk nightly to her father's vicarage. The thought that he was only curate in charge, and that his rector might get well and come back, or get worse and die, never troubled his peace. Why should not life always go as it was doing? why should anything ever happen? Now and

then he would speak of the vicissitudes of mortal existence in his placid little sermons; but he knew nothing of them, and believed still less. It seemed to him as if this soft tranquillity, this sober happiness was fixed like the pillars of the earth, and would never come to an end.

Nor is it possible to tell how it was, that to this quiet pair two such restless atoms of humanity as the two girls whose story is to be told here should have been born. Hester's old nurse, indeed, had often been heard to tell fabulous stories of the energy and animation of her young mistress in the days of her youth, but these had always been believed in Weston to be apocryphal. The appearance of her children, however, gave some semblance of truth to the tale. They were the most living creatures in all the parish of Brentburn. These two children, from the time they were born, were ready for anything—nothing daunted them or stilled them—they did not know what fear was. Sometimes there passed through the mind of their mother a regret that they were not boys; but then she would think of her husband and the regret was never expressed. Their very vitality and activity made them easy to train, and she taught them, poor soul, and spent her strength upon them as if she knew what was coming. She taught them her own household ways, and her economy as far as children could learn it, and to read and write, and their notes on the old piano. This was all she had time for. She died when Cicely was twelve and Mab eleven. God help us! what it must be when a woman has to consent to die and leave her little children to fight their own way through this hard world, who can venture to tell? For my part I cannot so much as think of it. Something comes choking in one's throat, climbing like Lear's *hysterica passio*. Ah, God help us indeed! to think of it is terrible, to do it — Poor Hester had to accept this lot and cover her face and go away, leaving those two to make what they could of their life. Her death stupefied Mr. St. John. He could not believe it, could not understand it. It came upon him like a thunderbolt, incredible, impossible; yet, to be sure, he had to put up with it like other men. And so tranquil was his soul that by-and-by he quite learned to put up with it, and grew calm again, and made himself a path across the common to the churchyard gate which led to her grave, just as he had made himself a path to her father's door. Everything passes away except human

character and individuality, which outlive all convulsions. The parish of Brentburn, which like him was stupefied for the moment, could not contain its admiration when it was seen how beautifully he bore it—"Like a true Christian," the people said—like himself, I think; and he was a good Christian, besides being so placid a man.

The two children got over it too in the course of nature; they had passions of childish anguish, unspeakable dumb longings which no word could utter; and then were hushed and stilled, and after a while were happy again; life must defend itself with this natural insensibility or it could not be life at all. And Mr. St. John's friends and parishioners were very kind to him, especially in the matter of advice, of which he stood much in need. His "plans" and what he should do were debated in every house in the parish before poor Hester was cold in her grave; and the general conclusion which was almost unanimously arrived at was—a governess. A governess was the right thing for him, a respectable, middle-aged person who would have no scheme for marrying in her head—not a person of great pretensions, but one who would take entire charge of the girls (whom their mother, poor soul, had left too much to themselves), and would not object to give an eye to the housekeeping—of ladylike manners, yet perhaps not *quite* a lady either, lest she might object to the homelier offices cast upon her. Mrs. Ascott, of the Heath, happened to know exactly the right person, the very thing for poor Mr. St. John and his girls. And Mr. St. John accepted the advice of the ladies of the parish with gratitude, confessing piteously that he did not at all know what to do. So Miss Brown arrived six months after Mrs. St. John's death. She was not too much of a lady. She was neither old nor young, she was subject to neuralgia; her complexion and her eyes were grey, like her dress, and she had no pretensions to good looks. But with these little drawbacks, which in her position everybody argued were no drawbacks at all but rather advantages, she was a good woman, and though she did not understand them, she was kind to the girls. Miss Brown, however, was not in any respect a woman of genius, and even had she been so her gifts would have been neutralized by the fact that she was not the mistress of the house, but only the governess. The maid who had worked so well under Hester set up pretensions to be housekeeper too, and called herself the

cook, and assumed airs which Miss Brown got the better of with great difficulty; and the aspect of the house changed. Now and then indeed a crisis arrived which troubled Mr. St. John's peace of mind very much, when he was appealed to no one side or the other. But yet the life of the household had been so well organized that it went on *tant bien que mal* for several years. And the two girls grew healthy, and handsome, and strong. Miss Brown did her very best for them. She kept them down as much as she could, which she thought was her duty, and as what she could do in this way was but small, the control she attained to was an unmixed advantage to them. Poor Hester had called her eldest child Cecil, after her father, with a touch of tender sentiment; but use and fondness, and perhaps a sense that the more romantic appellation sounded somewhat weak-minded had long ago improved it into Cicely. Mabel got her name from a similar motive, because it was pretty. It was the period when names of this class came into fashion, throwing the old-fashioned Janes and Elizabeths into temporary eclipse: but as the girls grew up and it came to be impossible to connect her with any two-syllabled or dignified word, the name lent itself to abbreviation and she became Mab. They were both pretty girls. Cicely had her mother's softness, Mab her father's more regular beauty. They spent their lives in the pure air, in the woods, which were so close at hand, in the old-fashioned garden which they partly cultivated, or, when they could get so far, on those bleaker commons and pine forests, where the breezes went to their young heads like wine. Miss Brown's friends in the parish "felt for her" with two such wild creatures to manage; and she occasionally "felt for" herself, and sighed with a gentle complacency to think of the "good work" she was doing. But I don't think she found her task so hard as she said. The girls did not look up to her, but they looked very kindly down upon her, which came to much the same thing, taking care with youthful generosity not to let her see how much insight they had, or how they laughed between themselves at her mild little affectations. Children are terribly sharp-sighted, and see through these innocent pretences better than we ourselves do. They took care of her often when she thought she was taking care of them; and yet they learned the simple lessons she gave them with something like pleasure; for their natures were so vigorous and

wholesome that even the little tedium was agreeable as a change. And for their father they entertained a kind of half-contemptuous — nay, the word is too hard — a kind of condescending worship. He was a god to them, but a god who was very helpless, who could do little for himself, who was inferior to them in all practical things, though more good, more kind, more handsome, more elevated than any other mortal. This was, on the whole, rather safe ground for two such active-minded young persons. They were prepared to see him do foolish things now and then. It was "papa's way," which they accepted without criticism, smiling to one another, but in their minds he was enveloped in a sort of feeble divinity, a being in whom certain weaknesses were understood, but whose pedestal of superiority no other human creature could approach. Thus things went on till Cicely was fifteen, when important changes took place in their lives, and still more especially in their father's life.

From Temple Bar.

TWO DANES.

THE grand little northern land which inspired the greatest genius of all time with his most sublime creation — which ages before had sent forth her sea-kings to graft on our English nature some of our greatest qualities; which but yesterday gave one of her royal maidens to create a new and fresh interest in her people — has again centred around her the thoughts and affections of all the nations of the earth. To our own age she has contributed two of the greatest characters of the century — each in his path unsurpassed. The sublime materialism and grand plastic creations of Thorvaldsen impress all who know them with the loftiest estimate of his creative powers. Genius embodied in imperishable marble, yet as destructible as the perishable material in which it is enshrined. The other, Hans Andersen, who has just passed away amid the tears and sorrow of all tender hearts, the absolute antipodes of his great friend and predecessor — gentle, loving, affectionate, simple to a fault, and absolutely without guile, yet engraven in men's memories in a material which can never perish or pass away, ethereal and unsubstantial as it may seem to be. The hammer of his own Thor could by the blow of an iconoclast destroy all that the one has left; the very

hand of Time himself cannot efface the memory of the other.

Born of poor and uneducated parents, each had to struggle in early youth and manhood against poverty; vicissitudes of every kind, and uncongenial surroundings. Thorvaldsen, as a child and growing lad, was loved and sought by the companions of his own age. Hans Andersen, on the contrary, was shunned and unloved by all those with whom he held daily intercourse as a boy; and the effects in after life of this early training left its indelible mark on the character of each man. Thorvaldsen was large-hearted and large-minded, capable of intense admiration for the works of others, often acknowledging a brother artist's superiority, or seeking his advice in the finish and detail of his wondrous creations. Andersen, whose early childhood was passed in dreaming dreams in a world of whose existence those around him only dimly understood, and could neither appreciate nor sympathize with, remained through life egotistical, the centre of his own interest and concern, thoroughly unconscious that any other standard but his own, that any outer circle of which he might be a part but not the centre, existed in the minds of men whose friendship and love he accepted as naturally as the air we breathe or the food we eat.

Both men when young mixed rarely with the world, possessed by a spirit of reticence and reserve which made them shrink from expansion with their fellows, and gave taciturnity and hardness to their manner, which only long years of after success and fame softened and subdued. Neither, again, ever cared to study any subject not specially connected with his own individual art. Whatever Thorvaldsen learned was through his personal intercourse with men. Whatever Andersen knew was derived from the same source, added to a marvellous intuition and power of observation of the laws and characteristics of nature.

Thorvaldsen was about twenty-five when he left his native country and betook himself to Italy. There, in that soft, sunny clime, the birthplace of the immortal Michael Angelo, Thorvaldsen studied and afterwards created the most beautiful of his numerous and magnificent works. Seeking inspiration to his mighty genius in the grandeur, memories, and living voluptuous passion of that art-breathing land, he sent forth to the world as the years rolled on proof after proof of his grand creative power, thrilling to the

heart's core the pride and glory of his northern home, and compelling by the force of his marvellous genius the intellects and minds of all nations to acknowledge him as the greatest sculptor of our century. Here it was that he created and modelled the divine figure of the Saviour surrounded by his twelve apostles; and the pure exquisite figure of the kneeling angel of baptism, which were afterwards placed in the Church of Our Lady in Copenhagen, and render that edifice, not beautiful in itself, distinct in charm and grandeur before every other church perhaps in Europe.

It is strange that the man who could conceive and design the figure of Christ, blending in such perfect harmony the divine and human, not only in the face and features but in the attitude and pose of the figure, a man of such gigantic intellect, broad mind, and impassioned temperament as Thorvaldsen, should have had no hope of faith in a future world, rather believing that the soul was as perishable as the material he modelled with his hands, and ceased to exist as soon as the body ceased to breathe. Materialism was his creed, nature and chance his religion. He worshipped beauty for its own sake, reveling in the creations of his own mastermind, never acknowledging that any power of divine origin was the giver of the genius he possessed. He accepted life as it came to him, taking care to gather from its deep resources all the mental and physical pleasures within his reach, knowing no fear of death, and looking forward to the end of his days as a simple and complete state of annihilation.

How different to the poet and fairy-tale writer, Hans C. Andersen, who at the time that Thorvaldsen had reached the height of his fame was only just beginning to let the voice be heard that was destined later on to charm and delight the hearts and homes of the whole world.

Unlike his friend of later years who went forth to the scenes of excitement and classical renown, to develop the creations of his brain, Andersen remained at home in Denmark, receiving inspiration to his peculiar ethereal genius from the familiar, dearly-loved haunts of his own native country. First poetry, then acting and singing, then novels, with here and there shorter romances, Andersen had advanced far on the road towards middle life before he devoted his serious attention to the weaving of those wonderful fairy tales which made his fame world-renowned, and crept into the hearts of the

child-world in every continent of the globe. As a reward for his literary efforts, the Danish government bestowed upon him a small pension, which enabled him to travel and see foreign shores, and gave him the opportunity at forty years of age of choosing his own mode of life, and indulging in the work he loved best—that of writing for children. By degrees he advanced in fame till he had reached the highest point even his innocent vanity could desire—that of being the most universally known and universally loved author Europe ever produced.

The whole civilized world admired the exquisite creations of his imagination, and his simple, rare, peculiar genius commanded an audience even wider than Shakespeare; for Andersen chained the affection of children, as well as fascinated the attention of grown people. His simple, childlike nature, his untroubled belief, his perfect faith in God, breathed itself into all his writings, and mirrored itself into every animate and inanimate thing around him. To him nothing was soulless, because he was a child himself, with a great imagination and a child's pure soul. He understood children in all their varying moods, simply because he was a child himself, and the secrets of the animal and flowery world were equally known to him. For children Andersen never invented a story that would frighten them, or tire them with the sense that it was beyond their comprehension, and he never made a mistake when he gave a soul and a costume to a flower or an insect in its colour or character, or the accessories of his personification. "God is love," and does all things well, was his creed, and his religion was his faith that God is good. Thorvaldsen compelled men to admire his works by appealing to their intellect and brain, and overawing their minds with the grandeur, sublimity, and refined classical beauty of his conceptions. The universe was proud of him, learned men bowed their heads in silent adoration mingled with fear at his grand ideas embodied in form; and the great of the earth honoured his genius as a thing immortal.

Andersen crept into people's hearts, belonged to every household, was loved and worshipped by the weak as well as the strong, and embued his warm sympathies and exquisite charm of creation into the very centre and soul-being of home life. If "Thorvaldsen belongs to the entire universe,"* as Jupiter is made

to exclaim in a loud, sonorous voice in an allegory representing the various towns contesting for the right to the mighty sculptor's fame, surely Andersen belongs familiarly and intimately to the heart and being of every house throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Thorvaldsen returned to his native country after forty years' absence, and was fêted, worshipped, and honoured by his countrymen to a degree that reflects as much honour on Denmark as on the sculptor, for it proves the general love of art and intense appreciation of genius embodied in this northern nation.

It was during the declining years of Thorvaldsen's life, when fame and honour had been poured out in boundless prodigality and gratitude on the great sculptor's silvered head, that he personally became intimate with his now famous countryman, Hans Christian Andersen. Diametrically opposed in character, disposition, faith, intellect, and genius to his younger friend, Thorvaldsen had yet a genuine admiration for the poet's chaste, graceful, inborn perception of the fitness of things, where perhaps his knowledge was limited or his ignorance only too apparent.

In Plon's "Life of Thorvaldsen," already alluded to, an interesting incident is mentioned in which the sculptor one day consulted Andersen as to the fitness of the drapery on a figure he was then modelling. With his usual simple frankness Andersen quietly examined the figure, and then gave his opinion, and suggested an alteration which did not please those standing around. "You are quite right," replied Thorvaldsen, and immediately destroyed the figure in order to commence another with the alteration proposed by the never-erring instinct of the poet. Both men loved and honoured each other, the one with his grand mind, and frank, genial temperament, accepting the admiration and respect of the whole world as naturally as the earth receives the warmth of the sun's rays; the other with his childlike, vain, egotistical belief in himself and the genius the "good God" had given him, taking it for granted that his friends must love him and admire his works because *he* had written them.

Thorvaldsen's declining years were crowned with the affection and respect of all around him; his studio was besieged by persons of all ranks, anxious to person-

the French of Eugene Plon by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Bentley & Son.

* Thorvaldsen's Life and Works. Translated from LIVING AGE. VOL. XII. 600

ally do homage to his master-mind. Day after day the street in which he lived was lined with carriages whose occupants desired his presence at dinner, and would wait in un murmuring patience for the honour of a few moments' conversation with this highly gifted mind.

In the year 1841 the grand wish of Thorvaldsen's later years was accomplished, and the museum to contain the works of a long life and fertile imagination was completed. The day it was formally presented to him, decorated with flowers and evergreens emblematic of his successful career and life, he walked through its halls and galleries gazing with an earnest, silent expression at the result of his own labours till he reached the inner court. There, in the very centre of this grand monument raised to his glory, the old man bowed his silver head for a few moments, and was silent. He himself would be buried there; but his works, the imperishable witnesses of his immortal genius, would remain side by side with the ashes of his mortal frame.

"Now I can die when I like, for Bindeböll has finished my tomb," he said, smilingly, a short time after, alluding to the museum.

Once his friend Andersen, in speaking of the sudden and unexpected death in the theatre of Admiral Wulff, who was celebrated as the translator of Shakespeare and Byron, expressed his terror and horror at such an event. "What!" exclaimed the sculptor, with an earnestness and enthusiasm which petrified the poet, "don't you think death in that form is the most enviable one that can happen?"

A year later, Andersen met Thorvaldsen as he was leaving Baron Stampe's, where he had been dining, for the theatre: "Come with me," said the sculptor, "and let us pass the evening together."

"Not to-night," replied Andersen. "I have something in my head that I must write," and passed on.

An hour later, Thorvaldsen was seen to stoop his head as he sat in his stall. His friend Oehlenschläger spoke to him, but, receiving no answer, he cried out, "Thorvaldsen is ill!" The old man was carried from the theatre and laid on a couch; but his end had come, and the death he coveted had swiftly and noiselessly claimed him in the midst of his friends.

The whole nation mourned him. Denmark wept for the loss of her great son. Every house was draped in black. The king uncovered his head before the remains of the subject whose life and works

reflected honour on his throne, and flowers strewed the way which led to his grave.

Thirty-one years later — a short few weeks ago — Hans Christian Andersen, Denmark's second great son, was also buried amid all the pomp and splendour that it was possible for a grateful country to bestow on the passing-away of a man, whose genius and simple, beautiful life had won every heart and become a part of every household.

Andersen's life, his marvellous fairy-tales, his simple childlike nature, are all too well known to need more than a few passing remarks. In his "Story of my Life," he has graphically described his poverty as a child, his sad youth, his unhappy attempts to become an actor and singer, his travels, and, later on, his success. His early works are not cared for even in his own country, where he was recognized later as a poet of no mean order. The little poem, "The Dying Child," as perfect in its way as Shelley's well-known "Skylark," first brought him into notice. Outside his native country he is best known for his wonderful fairy-tales and tales for children, surpassing in charm and beauty every other production of the kind; but some of his larger works are decidedly worthy of deep and earnest attention. His poetry lacks strength and power; but his prose works are full of exquisite descriptions, beautiful soft dream-land views, and grand masterly pictures. His "O. T.," "The Improvisatore," and "The Two Baronesses," are perhaps the finest of his novels, or rather romances; but the exquisite charm of his quaint mind and imagination he concentrated in his writings for children; for them he lived and wrote, with rare exceptions, the last thirty years of his life.

No man was so well known in Copenhagen as Andersen. The great sculptor was courted, admired, honoured; but Andersen was *loved*. High and low, rich and poor, he belonged to all. If he went out for a walk, every one saluted him; if he visited the theatre, all present welcomed him; children worshipped him, claimed him as belonging peculiarly to them; every household reserved for him a warm corner by the stove; not a family, from the king to the peasant, but had a knife and fork and a seat at the table ready for him. He was first with every one, and considered himself the centre and interest of every one's thoughts. Besides his one unrivalled talent of arranging fairy-tales, Andersen had other gifts of precious and rare value. With his

melodious voice and exquisitely modulated tones and expression, he would read aloud his own composition till his hearers would forget they lived or breathed in aught but the scene he was describing so charmingly. Sometimes, at parties and other gatherings of friends, the whim would seize him to cut out figures in paper. He would beg for a pair of scissors, and then, folding some paper with his great ugly hands, he would begin cutting, clipping, twisting, and snipping, and in a few moments fairy scenes, flowers, plants, and trees would appear, perfect in form, charming in delicacy and design, before the eyes of those who wondered how it was possible he could manage to produce anything from such crude materials.

He would take a few flowers in his hand, and with scarcely a touch, just a mere whisper to them, and immediately the most fairy-like nosegay would grow into being, that Titania herself would have worn in her bosom.

In his walks in the country he would poke his huge stick, as ugly and ungainly in appearance as himself, into every rut and hole on the wayside, and pick up the first object that attracted his attention, and then, gazing at it tenderly and caressing it with his fingers, he would begin and tell its history, weaving some ethereal charming romance into its inanimate nature, and make those around stand wrapt in delight and wonder at the man's strange quaint imaginations and fancies.

About two years ago Hans Andersen's health began to fail, and a disease, supposed by his medical attendants to be cancer of the liver, declared itself. His sufferings at times were fearful for one of his temperament, who shrunk from the slightest physical pain even when feeling strong and well; and for many long weeks his placid, childlike nature became irritable and trying in the extreme to those of his friends who personally nursed him. But he grew better, and about a year ago was able to return to his old habits of visiting those of his dear friends whom he, in his own quaint fashion, designated his "daily friends." Now and then he felt well enough to mix in society, and to enjoy, in his quiet way, the music and conversation going on around him. One evening last winter there was an entertainment at the house of one of his oldest friends, to which he was specially invited. For some days past he had seemed better and stronger than usual, and many looked eagerly forward to his presence amongst them. He kept his promise, and was one

of the first guests to arrive. He looked very frail and weak, and for a time during the evening he was obliged to lie still, away from the buzz and excitement of the talk and lights. Presently he recovered, and slowly dragging one foot before the other, he re-entered the drawing-room. After replying to all the anxious tender inquiries of those around, he said gently, in his usual childlike, simple fashion:

"I will read you a story; you would like to hear it, dear friends?"

And taking from his pocket a folded paper, he gave, in his usual invariable fashion, a few words of explanation as to the meaning and purport of the tale he was about to read. Then, in wondrously sweet low tones, slightly trembling with the effects of his recent indisposition, he began the story of "The Statue-Destroyers."

It was a poem, beautiful and exquisite in thought and charm, as is always the case with his fancy productions. As he read on, his voice growing louder and stronger with earnestness, the graphic scene in the cathedral became vivid and real; one could hear the glorious tones of the organ swelling out in rich devotion, the "*Ora pro nobis*" of the worshipping congregation, the loud voices of the angry mob thrilled us to the heart as they rushed in to destroy and break the statues and figures sacred to the faith of that kneeling people. As Andersen dropped his voice in whispered pathos, one seemed to hear the moan and wail of agony from saint and virgin as the sacrilegious hand was raised to strike. The organ suddenly became still, the prayer was silenced, the fearful work was accomplished, and only destruction and confusion now reigned where, a few moments before, music, devotion, and peace had held their sway.

As the winter passed away it became only too evident that the dear old man's life would not be spared long. He was obliged to relinquish, one by one, his daily habits and pleasures, and often refrain from going to see his dearest friends because he was not strong enough to mount the stairs leading to the various flats. Mr. Henriques' eldest son Robert was devotedly attached to Andersen, who returned his affection with a warmth and delight which was exceedingly lovely to behold. Every day during the last winter of his life the lad would fetch the old man for a walk, coaxing him out in the sunshine, guiding his failing steps, and watching his face for signs of weariness with a tender care that Andersen

thoroughly appreciated; and when it was too cold for out-of-doors, sitting by him in his room, refreshing the old man's spirit, worn with pain, by the bright details of his fresh young life, and receiving as reward for his patience some choice story, some delicate fancy from the lips of the weary man whose hand was too tired to wield the pen again.

With the spring his seventieth birthday would arrive, and the nation who loved him so truly were determined to honour "dear Andersen" to the height of their power. On that day, April 2nd, deputations arrived from all parts to greet him. Money was raised to erect his statue in the town; a copy of one of his tales was presented to him in thirty-two languages; a plate inscribing his name and date was placed in the little house in Odense where he was born; the king conferred yet another honour on the subject whom he delighted in calling his friend; and last, but not least, money was collected to found a home for poor children bearing his name. On the evening of that day, exhausted and worn out with the excitement of so much heartfelt homage, his head bowed with the weight of so much honour and fame, Hans Andersen met in private a few of those who were his nearest and dearest friends. "My heart's wish is fulfilled," he exclaimed, with the tears of emotion running down his cheeks. "I am tired and weary, dear friends; but my heart is satisfied, for my own country acknowledges me *great*, and all the world *loves* me!"

That was his last appearance in public. In June he went to stay with his friends, the Melchior, and it soon became evident that his end was very near, and that he would never again be able to leave the house. Unlike his great friend Thorvaldsen, Andersen had a shrinking from and terror of death, that, added to his intense physical sufferings, rendered nursing him a task of fearful responsibility and untold misery. But Mrs. Melchior devoted herself to him, never wearying, never tiring. In his wild accessions of pain, overcome with the dread that death was near, it was she who soothed and quieted him, and bore with unflinching affection the irritability of his temper and childish displays of anger. Towards the end of July all pain suddenly ceased, and the dear old man became once again the child he always was, pleased at every trifle, ready to weep at every adverse word or look. He began to speak calmly of his approaching death. When the agony of his sufferings was

over, he seemed to trust in God's mercy, and would often softly whisper —

"I feel so happy now; would that the dear Creator would release me whilst I feel like this."

August 1st, he could not be moved from his bed. He slept much, only waking now and then to say, "How delightful; how nice to sleep," and closing his eyes again in perfect peace.

His friend Mr. Henriques went to see him as usual, but Andersen could only press his hand fervently and whisper —

"Go, dear friend, I can see no one now."

He slept continually to the morning of the 4th. About 10 A.M. his devoted nurse, Mrs. Melchior, looked at him, and thought to herself, as she watched his quiet sleep, "Oh, that he might pass away thus!" His prayer for the "dear Creator to take him whilst he felt happy," was heard; for he did not wake again, and without a sigh, without a struggle, he passed through the gates of death to his eternal home.

Hans Andersen had no relatives, so his friends, the Melchior, the Henriques, and the Collins, were his mourners at his funeral; to them he has bequeathed all he possesses, except certain gifts to private and public bodies.

The day he was buried the shops were shut, the town of Copenhagen, in remembrance of their love for him, put on mourning, and the Church of Our Lady was crowded to excess.

This church is not beautiful; but lit with gas, crowded with black-robed people, the aisles filled with deputations from various parts of Denmark, holding crape-bordered banners, and standing in long solemn array; the children he loved so well grouped in a mass, strewing flowers all around; the large coffin standing in their midst covered with brilliant flowers, laurels, palm-branches, and wreaths; the imposing figure of the Christ-God by Thorvaldsen, breathing in the calm serenity of His outstretched arms the peace He came on earth to proclaim, standing in pure, divine repose in the centre of the chancel, His twelve apostles near, — all combined to make this edifice look imposing, and added to the beauty and magnificence of the ceremony.

The king, with his eldest son and Prince John of Glücksberg, stood bareheaded near the coffin, in rich robes of state. The high and powerful in Church and State, each had a place near the altar, giving additional splendour to the scene by their uniforms, stars, and ribbons. The king and his son had often visited Ander-

sen during his last illness. They loved and understood the quaint old man's vanity, and could sympathize with his childish weakness. And now he was gone, and the pomps of this world were nothing to him; yet each and all vied with one another to adorn his funeral with all the grandeur and beauty he loved in life. "What a pity Andersen cannot see this splendid scene," was more than once murmured by those around, as they glanced at the oaken coffin in which lay his cold, earthly remains.

At twelve o'clock, when all were assembled, the organ played a prelude, and presently the mighty voice of that vast multitude, led by the choir, sung Andersen's own beautiful hymn,* "Like to the leaf which falleth from the tree."

All who knew Andersen intimately were deeply moved by these words, written long ago before his illness, but wonderfully expressive of his own *trembling spirit* before the throne of his Creator. His prayer, "Shake off my fear," was heard ere he died. The hymn ended, Dean Rothe stepped in front of the choir, and amid the silence and intensity of the whole listening people, recited one of Andersen's last poems—a short poem, full of calm grandeur and beauty of expression; then, with earnest, eloquent words, his hands pointing to the still coffin before him, he spoke Denmark's farewell to her great son: spoke of his noble and good qualities, touching lightly on the faults of the one *all* loved, and in faltering tones did justice to the man's peculiar, quaint, childlike soul, full of strange fancies and God-fearing aspirations and true poetic spirit.

Then a very old man—the bishop of Odense—rose, and in a few touching words spoke the farewell from Andersen's birthplace; after which some beautiful lines by Carl Plough, "Sleep, weary child" (composed expressly for this occasion), were sung, which I have endeavoured to translate:—

SLEEP, WEARY CHILD!

Thy love for fatherland was deep—

That filial tie can ne'er be mended.

'Neath nature's flowery carpet sleep,

Worldly praise and kindness ended.

Sleep, weary child!

God's wondrous mercy through thy life,

Dark childhood's weakness first protected;

Always a child, tho' years were ripe,

Bright honour's call was ne'er neglected.

Sleep, weary child!

The figures painted by thy hand

Sparkle with thy matchless humour;

Dim shapes from heaven, they brightly stand.

Now all is o'er, "life's fitful fever,"

Sleep, weary child!

The dread great secret learnt at last,

Now dawns a new and endless morning;

Through God's own gates thy soul hath passed,

Thy guileless soul required no warning.

Sleep, weary child!

But still, in this thy little world,

In faithful hearts forever shrin'd;

Praised by the old, by young ador'd,

For the rich treasures of thy mind.

Sleep, weary child!

May art and science in our land

'Gainst force and fraud for aye prevail;

Thy name on Denmark's banner stand,

And loadstar-like grow never pale.

Sleep, weary child!

Then Andersen's old friend, just seventy years old, another great son of Denmark—Hartmann, the composer—played on the organ the cantata he had written for Thorvaldsen's funeral. This cantata is a wonderful piece of music, exquisite and beautiful in its every detail. In the trumpet accompaniment one seems to hear the trump of the angel at the gate of heaven, the gate itself opening; and presently soft flute-like notes of exquisite pathos, yet blended with joyous strains of delight, announce the angels' welcome home to the wanderer from earth. And as the gate closes and the angel voices die away, a grand, thrilling outburst, expressive of triumphant victory, brings the cantata to a close.

The wreaths on the coffin were sent from all parts, at home and abroad. Friend after friend, ere they left the church, walked quietly up to the chancel and added yet another, and still another, to the mass of immortelles and sweet-smelling flowers already covering and hiding from view the large oaken coffin. A palm-branch and wreath from Odense lay in the centre, and around on all sides the ground was strewn in bright-coloured profusion with these floral tokens of affection. One laurel wreath from Berlin bore the touching inscription, "Thou art not dead, though thine eyes are closed. In children's hearts thou shalt live forever," an inscription which, if dear Andersen's spirit was hovering over this sad but beautiful scene, must have made him rejoice again and again.

When the organ and the thrilling notes of the brass instruments had ceased to sound, a number of students came for-

* LIVING AGE, No. 1639.

ward, and, lifting the coffin from its stand in the chancel, slowly bore it down the centre of the church, followed by the various deputations carrying their floating banners, the long file of mourners and friends joining behind. At the church door the coffin was placed in an open funeral car, literally covered with flowers. Along the route from the Church of Our Lady to the gates of the cemetery, just outside the town, ladies clad in deep mourning sat at the windows. Many of the houses, and all the ships in the port, had flags flying half-mast high, and every shop was closed. And thus, with many a tear and deep regret, Hans Christian Andersen was carried to the grave, where he sleeps in peace, at rest.

As soon as the mourners and friends had left the church, numbers of poor people rushed in to gather the flowers and leaves which had fallen from the coffin, in memory of the dear old man. Perhaps the most touching incident of this never-to-be-forgotten day, was that of a poor woman, who, simply dressed in a peasant's garb, timidly advanced towards the altar, and, after eagerly, but in vain, searching all round for a flower or fallen twig, murmured sadly, half aloud, half to herself, "Too late—they're all gone," as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Do you want a flower, my good mother?" asked a bystander, moved to pity at the woman's evident distress.

"Ah, yes, good sir! My boy at home will break his heart if I don't take him just a leaf. You see, sir, that dear departed angel often came to see him when he was ill, two winters ago, and told him a story, and the doctors say those beautiful stories saved his life; and he's my only one, sir, and he just worshipped dear Andersen, and he does miss him so terribly, and cries so now the old gentleman is dead, that I promised to bring him a flower, as I heard his coffin was to have some on it. He is lame, and can't come himself."

"Take this one. I picked it up from the spot as it fell."

"Ah, you are good, dear sir!" And the woman tenderly kissed the little sprig, as, reverently and gratefully laying it in her bosom, she turned away.

Andersen had no relatives; he seems to have stood alone, the only living survivor of his family on his mother's or father's side. Not one distant connection even came forward at his death to claim relationship or kindred with the man who was more widely known in Denmark than

any other of her children. He left his property (which was not inconsiderable, when one takes into account the small sums he received for his numerous works) to his dearest friends, and those who had aided him in his struggling days.

In the years gone by, Andersen suffered for a time the saddest of all sad sorrows—unrequited affection. For one of his childlike nature, with his frank, simple belief that every one admired him, the grief he suffered was keen and bitter when he found out that the woman whom he fancied (for with him the more earnest passions of human nature had no voice) he loved and esteemed higher than any other being on earth, could not return the affection he asked from her. His vanity was wounded, and he never again attempted to set up an idol in his heart, and while for long years he mourned and bewailed his own sad fate, yet he never ceased to weave some of his brightest and loveliest ideas around the image of the only one woman whom he once had loved.

He sleeps now under the shadow of the city which loved and honoured him truly and well. No man will be so deeply regretted, no one's smile so genuinely missed, and no one's memory be so tenderly and lovingly treasured in every household, as the late fairy-tale writer and poet, Hans Christian Andersen.

From Temple Bar.

LAUZUN.

A BALL at the Hôtel de Soissons. Spring had scarcely dawned upon the outer world, but the world of fashion rose superior to the tardy rotation of the seasons, and here summer was at its meridian—the walls and ceilings covered with immense masses of foliage; the long galleries turfed so as to resemble the most symmetrical lawns; the staircases strewn lavishly with the roses of Fontenay; the lamps shining forth from the depths of gigantic leaves, like immense tropical flowers. It was a summer garden—an Eden in the very centre of Paris!

Olympe, Countess of Soissons, sometime favourite of the Grand Monarque, niece of the late all-powerful cardinal, had imagined this entertainment as a means of restoring herself to the good graces of the king, who had no sympathy with sorrowful faces and who loved dancing very passionately. She had some right to congratulate herself on the suc-

cess of her expedient, when Louis himself deigned to suggest, in the graceful language which was ever the property of royalty, that, as shepherds were wont to celebrate with dances the return of spring, the ball the countess was about to give should be invested with the character of a *fête champêtre*, he himself appearing in the character of Tircis.

"My dear Olympe," he added, softly, in her delighted ear, "I will send you my violins!"

Not to be alone in wearing masquerade, his Majesty also expressed his wishes that there should be a quadrille of four shepherds with their shepherdesses chosen from the *élite* of the court. The music was to be composed by Baptiste, and the steps and figures—marvels of intricacy, lightness, and originality—were to be learned and practised in the greatest secrecy.

The evening arrived, and after opening the ball with his cousin Louise of Orleans, the royal Tircis realizing the most romantic visions of pastoral beauty by the grace and suavity of his demeanour, retired to the side of the young queen, and throwing himself into a *fanteuil*, prepared to become a spectator of the "*quadrille des bergers*." The violins gave the signal: three cavaliers, dressed as shepherds, advanced leading their shepherdesses. But where was the fourth? The Duchess of Valentinois, after looking for a moment helplessly round, appeared alone at her post. All eyes were vainly employed in seeking for the absent shepherd. The name of M. de Villequier was repeated anxiously on all sides. The masters of the ceremonies rushed about the rooms calling for the lost dancer with the most lamentable vociferations. The king himself was seen to frown, and the general distress was at its height, when a young man, dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the court, emerged from the crowd and seized the hand of Madame de Valentinois, who gave him a friendly smile, and the quadrille proceeded.

Not only did the unknown execute with precision the figures which had been practised with so much secrecy, showing himself thereby a perfect master of court mysteries, but he added embroideries of his own to the complicated steps which had been combined by the *directeur des ballets* himself, and appeared in grace and agility as much superior to his companions, whose efforts were so serious and studied, as poetry is to prose. Murmurs of astonishment arose on all sides. The

assembly, which had been thrown into such consternation at the fear of a catastrophe which appeared inevitable, was seized with enthusiasm. But who, then, was this unknown? A dancing-master, suggested one; but that was negated by M. de la Rochefoucault.

"No amount of study could ever give the true nobility of carriage which distinguishes a man well born and bred. I would engage this gentleman is of the best blood in France."

"His name, for pity's sake!" implored a dozen melodious voices.

"I know it," said M. de Villeroi. "He is one of the old and illustrious family of the Caumonts. He is called Lauzun."

"A cousin of the Maréchal de Gramont!"

"And Madame de Valentinois has of course revealed to him the secret instructions of the ballet-master! Ah, now the mystery is cleared up."

"What a beautiful figure!"

"Not tall, but so light and elegant."

"The same style as the king."

"The prettiest leg in the court."

"And such beautiful fair hair!"

Such were the encomiums passed upon the young stranger by the spectators of his marvellous *début*; and when the king, having summoned him to his side, was seen leaning gracefully at ease in the embrasure of a window, his crook laid aside, his left hand hidden in the folds of his pastoral *haut de chausses*, and upon his lips that rare smile which was ever so sure a signal of the royal favour, the murmurs of applause threatened to become almost too pronounced for the scrupulous sobriety of court etiquette.

It has been said, that if history were only written by historians, absolutely nothing would be known of it; but, luckily, there is such a thing as biography.

An extraordinary ambition, a sudden rise to kingly favour, a grand marriage broken, disgrace, imprisonment, and an inexplicable return and pardon, would be all that the nineteenth century would know of Lauzun, if his adventures had been solely handed down by the historians of the day; but St. Simon, Madame de Sevigné, and the memories of Mademoiselle, have left us a truer picture of a man who was remarkable in many ways, but in none more so than that he was the only royal favourite on record who succeeded in elevating himself after having lost the support of the hand which raised him. His pride, his arrogance, his blind devotion and slavery to the prince whom

he loved; his fierce enmity when that love was turned into hate; his brilliant qualities, his elegant vices, form a pretty correct picture of the time in which he lived. At twenty he possessed the appearance of a man of mature age, and could win over a friend or crush a foe with equal facility. His logic was without a flaw, his genius bent towards intrigue and subtle machinations—one of those exceptional men whom nature has created with an unstinting hand, but in whose soul are placed insatiable and unscrupulous desires; one whom posterity cannot applaud, but who cannot fail to win the interest and admiration of the philosopher, like those wandering stars whose place in the skies is never distinctly determined.

The king could no longer do without Lauzun. His Majesty loved perfumes; Lauzun was a perfect connoisseur in the distilling of flowers. The king was curious in precious stones; Lauzun became the most perfect lapidary in the kingdom. He was a judge of horses, arms, and devices, because the king was fond of such topics; and he became an optician because the king had a set of magnifying glasses! Offices about the court full of emolument were showered upon him. The court beauties smiled whenever he drew near; tender glances, approving smiles, tones pathetic and confidential, met him at every turn. Mademoiselle herself, who had refused many foreign alliances, and whose grave and scrupulous conduct was the astonishment of the age, did not hesitate to make known her partiality; and Lauzun was well aware, even before the words *c'est vous* were traced by royal fingers on the looking-glass, that the duchy of Montpensier was at his feet. He was not, however, yet prepared for a demand so audacious; and it was with no little diplomacy that he managed to postpone too clear an intimation of the unexampled honour which was about to be offered him until he was satisfied of the policy of either accepting or declining it. It was pleasanter and more prudent to employ the time in breaking the hearts of maids of honour, provoking the jealous anger of Madame de Valentinois, and paying respectful court, in the absence of his Majesty, to "la Montespan."

But whilst the popularity of the favourite appeared so well assured, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand was discoverable to the accustomed eye. Louis had become jealous of Lauzun. It was one of the peculiarities of the Grand Monarque that he never could bear about his person

much talent, accomplishment, or elevation of mind. He preferred mediocrity, even in his ministers. He was once heard to admit that the death of Seignelay and of Louvois was, each in its way, a most sensible relief; and there was found but a very small number of courtiers in whom the exercise of mental superiority was no bar to advancement.

Lauzun was not long in discovering that his day was over. The king's avoidance and averted looks would bear but one interpretation. He determined himself to take the initiative, and, seeking a private audience, he overwhelmed his royal master with tender reproaches, imploring at least to be made aware of his fault. Louis, more than ever irritated, was at no loss to find cause of offence in his words.

Lauzun was arrested and thrown into the Bastille. It has been hinted by his enemies that he had schemed for this, unable longer to endure his false position, and in order to increase his general popularity as undeservedly disgraced; and, if it were so, he succeeded, without subjecting himself to too long a martyrdom, for the woebegone looks of Mademoiselle, the pleading eyes of La Vallière, and, it may be, a fear lest it should be suspected that the downfall of the favourite was due rather to his supereminent graces than to his demerits, induced the king to pardon him. He was even apparently restored to double favour. Then came the project born in the unscrupulous brain of Condé, but which Louis so naïvely appropriated that he sincerely believed it to be his own, of putting an end to Holland, that little colony of rich republicans living in perpetual battle with the elements, whose very existence is a triumph of the genius of man over nature. The exterminating spirit of Louvois entered fully into the scheme, and the preparations were quite out of proportion to its magnitude. Nothing could have been more easy than to destroy the little corner of land rifled from the ocean, and to reduce it to a mere marsh; but the support of England, with the co-operation of her fleet, were to be invoked; and in the mean time a visit of inspection was made by the king in person to the different stations of his armies, accompanied by the queen, the court, and household. Lauzun, whose *savoir vivre* was universally acknowledged, was to be commander-in-chief under his Majesty. With an eye to the comfort and luxury of the expedition, and profoundly as it suited his purpose, no one was more fully aware of the folly and uselessness of such great

preparations to crush such a feeble enemy. No one better understood that it was not the strategy of a Turenne which was wanted, but rather the wild impetuosity of a Beaufort; and that whilst the pride and vanity of Louis suggested to him the glory to be won by so easy a conquest, executed without danger with an overwhelming force and with no undignified haste, the severe genius of William of Orange would have time to set to work to win sympathy and succour from his neighbours. Such reflections as these were, however, safely confined to his own breast. His apparent energy and enthusiasm knew no bounds. He allowed no detail to escape him, no luxury to be forgotten—nothing that could contribute to swell the glory of the Grand Monarque in his triumphal progress to remain unfulfilled. He even found time to rescue Madame de Montespan from a fall, receiving her in his arms, and thereby obtaining profuse expressions of gratitude and the assertion that “he had saved her life;” but then, as he himself said epigrammatically, “Most women possess a prodigious facility for getting their life saved.”

The king's jealousy, which had been set aside for the moment, was however only smouldering, and quite ready to blaze forth again. Lauzun arrived at the conviction that a marriage with Mademoiselle was his only safeguard against the chances and changes of the future, and, after a long conference with her Royal Highness, it was decided that she should at once appeal to Louis for his consent to their union.

His reply was sufficiently gracious; he remarked on the extreme distance which separated his cousin from a simple gentleman, but added, that, the first surprise over, he did not see that the thing was impossible.

The news spread like wildfire. “Mademoiselle is to marry Lauzun,” was the only echo repeated through the court for one whole day. Felicitations, flatteries, *cadeaux de nocces*, poured in on every side. The contract was signed; the duchy of Montpensier and the principality of Dombes were settled on the bridegroom-elect. But all the sunshine was presently overclouded. The king sent for his cousin and informed her that he had been reproached for sacrificing her and her fortune to the aggrandizement of Lauzun, and that he could not permit the affair to proceed. All her tears and supplications were of no avail. The king's will was in-

flexible; but that of his cousin was no less so. A clandestine marriage took place, and Louis, who had now a legitimate excuse for getting rid of a man whose presence had become importunate, sent for his *mousquetaires*, and Lauzun found himself very shortly on his way to the Château de Piquet.

Nine years of exile had passed away when a whisper spread like wildfire through the court. Lauzun was pardoned—Lauzun had returned—Lauzun was to be presented! The count's old friends hardly knowing what sort of welcome should be accorded to the banished man, determined to wait, and regulate their conduct by that of the king. More than one tender heart began once more to tremble at a name so long forgotten, whilst the younger members of the court burnt with anxiety to behold so brilliant a star which had been so long eclipsed. It was remarked that even the king's eyes wandered frequently to the door upon the evening when the liberated captive was expected to appear; whilst Mademoiselle, whose happiness it was impossible to disguise, awaited her lover's arrival with true womanly faith, well assured that his accustomed *savoir vivre* would inspire him with the very looks and words with which to satisfy his Majesty and to reinstate himself in the good graces of the court. At last he came, and not the statue which descended at the banquet of Don Juan, had it taken a fancy to present itself at the Louvre, could have produced a more startling impression. The count's worn-out habiliments, his long beard, his disordered hair, his altogether Gothic toilette, produced a sensation equally sad and profound. It was thought that his long sufferings had deprived him of his senses, and the stupefaction became general. But Lauzun advanced with an air of dignified sadness and knelt before the king, who was startled into an ejaculation of surprise.

“This is rather a singular toilette, M. de Lauzun!”

“Sire,” he replied, “it is the costume of a man who has had the misfortune to displease your Majesty. The royal lips have not yet uttered my pardon, and I consider myself still a prisoner.”

“Rise, then, monsieur, and receive your pardon.”

“Ah, sire! the blow which felled me was so terrible, it requires a no less powerful hand than your own to raise me up.”

The royal fingers were graciously extended and covered with respectful kisses.

"Ah, well, my dear count," said Louis, smiling, "I see with pleasure that you have not forgotten the courtly graces in which you ever stood unrivalled. We must, it seems, forget your bygone follies, and become indulgent to those which are to come."

This little scene having been got through very effectively, Lauzun regained in a few hours all his former popularity. His marriage with the king's cousin procured for him a distinction which no amount of royal coldness could destroy. Louis would not consent to restore him either the *grandes* or the *petites entrées*, but to this prohibition he easily reconciled himself. Freedom! freedom, in its full sense, was the only word which had any charm left for him; and, his ambition still unsatisfied, soared higher now than the servitude of court favour. No one had been more scrupulous and devoted to the religion of etiquette, no one more joyous and docile in harness; but the time had come when the caprices of others must yield to his own, and his way was to be made over the necks of his enemies.

Some months had passed, and Lauzun was absent from the court—in England, it was said; when the most singular agitation prevailed amongst the silks and laces of Versailles. The queen of England had arrived in Paris! By whom escorted?—by whom protected in her flight and exile? *By M. de Lauzun!* Never had hero of romance so gloriously ended the most brilliant of his adventures! Louis the Fourteenth returning in haste from Marly, received the count's respectful letter:

"SIRE,—The king of England confiding to my care the queen and the Prince of Wales, has commanded me not to leave them except under the protection of your Majesty.

"I am greatly embarrassed, as my disgrace interdicts me from presenting myself at court."

A response amiable and gracious, as the king well knew how to make it, authorized Lauzun to conduct the queen to Versailles, restoring him at the same time the *grandes entrées*. . . . This return was a complete and final triumph. The intimate counsellor of the Stuarts could not fail to regain the confidence of Louis, who was their sworn protector and ally. The depth of his views and the hardihood of his propositions rendered him indispensable. The king acknowledged that his courage and sagacity were necessary to him, and Lauzun found himself at last so

safely anchored at court that his displacement was no longer possible.

About fifty years later, after the death of the Grand Monarque, the ladies of the court, during their drives in the Bois de Boulogne, used to point out to each other a man still strikingly handsome riding the most furious horses and managing them with equal strength and dexterity.

"That," they would say, "is the celebrated Lauzun! He is ninety years of age if he is a day!"

From The Saturday Review.

NATURALNESS OF CHARACTER.

WHEN we attribute naturalness to a character, we mean it for praise of no common order; it is intended as a distinction where it is deliberately given; and, in fact, we do not commonly award it unless the qualities and habits of the mind which reveals its workings to us are engaging, and such as secure our sympathies. Plenty of people are transparent—we can read their motives at a glance—whom yet we do not call natural, either because what nature reveals is not to our mind, or because there is nothing distinctive or forcible enough to attract our notice. Naturalness of character, to be praise at all, must be superadded praise. Nor is it a quality to be consciously aimed at; we must lay ourselves out to be honest and true, but naturalness, as a characteristic, is not to be got by striving after. It is a gift as well as a grace; a gift, we might almost add, of fortune. For are not the people we single out as examples favoured persons, favoured in circumstances? was not their youth a happy one? were they not, as children, tenderly treated, considered, listened to, encouraged to express their thoughts, driven to no subterfuges, rarely snubbed, set down, or disparaged? have they not a charm in their candour, beyond the candour itself, derived from a well-founded reliance that whatever they say will be well taken? In fact, those whom we thus distinguish among our acquaintance have escaped the dangers incident to prosperity, which in inferior minds are fatal to simplicity of character.

Most people keep too strong a hold of their personality to be able to forget themselves in their subject; they carry an unacknowledged self-consciousness along with them. If to be single-minded is to have an undivided interest in things, they

are not single-minded. Beauties are aware that they are handsome; clever people are in the way of showing themselves to advantage, however little their subject lends itself to these considerations. The natural character is not by any means blind to its good points, nor ashamed to own them; it is not bashful, but the thing under discussion is *bond fide* the subject of thought; it has no feigned interests, no ministering to self-love by indirect means. Naturalness is the gift of unconsciousness, of doing things without thinking or knowing how you do them; and perhaps we should add, doing them well. Under the charm of such a spirit we feel a sense of liberty and expansion; we breathe a purer air. One natural person makes many, and inspires a confidence in human nature. And how straightforward intercourse becomes under these conditions! Thus thinking, thus influencing, Miranda could say, "I'll be your wife if you will marry me"—though she presents a signal instance of the circumstances that form the charmingly natural character. Prospero's darling could have had no experience of flouting or discouragement. Half the rules of social intercourse are accepted by us all on the latent understanding that men are not single-minded enough to dispense with checks upon design and hidden motive, that spontaneous action of thought and tongue would lead to awkward results. Selfishness and vanity would grow intolerable without them. But neither selfishness nor vanity is a necessary cause of the artificial as opposed to the natural manner; timidity and subservience are enough in themselves. Every one whom we distinguish as natural has independence of mind. The judgment may not be correct, or founded on the wisest grounds, but it is what it professes to be, the man's own opinion. No secret unacknowledged influences are at work. Hence no one can be natural without strength of character; and every one is natural when the occasion drives him out of the familiar appeal to some external authority and throws him on his innermost conviction. Mere independence of mind implies a courage and self-reliance which often strikes the looker-on as heroic. We suppose that typically natural persons either expect to carry others with them—and they are sanguine both from temperament and favouring circumstances—or they are indifferent to hostile opinion. We do not doubt that Sir Thomas Coventry, who, as Clarendon tells us, "with a plain way of speaking and

delivery, without much ornament of elocution, had a strange power of making himself believed," was a natural character. What is more persuasive than to see a man possessed by his own arguments? To hold a view and to be confident of being able to put it in a convincing form makes all people natural for the time being. And independence of mind implies in itself something that may be called originality. The natural character is active and fresh in its modes of working; keenly alive to the question whether the thought that occupies it is its own or derived from without—a point of perception to which so many are unequal—and confident of sympathy and appreciation.

No one owns to being less natural than his neighbour; it is a matter to be considered through observation, not self-study; to resolve to be natural would be like breathing by rule. What then are the points that interfere with natural manner? Of course a defective or pedantic or narrow education is a conspicuous cause. All education but the best aims at reducing its subjects to a level, and a level is flatness. Every age has its educational system at war with nature, substituting for it conventional proprieties; as it was forbidden to the fine lady of the Middle Ages to laugh, a rule enforced in the last century by Lord Chesterfield. Such conflict with nature is not wholly without reason, for the majority of men cannot afford to dispense with the safeguard of reference to a standard. Fine people dare not be natural, for fear of losing consequence by it; and their inferiors imitate the affectations of their betters in the hope of attaining to their level. Not that the reverse of nature should necessarily be described as affectation. Most men prefer to adopt the tone of other people, and to keep their more particular selves for home or special occasions. The dulness of society is owing to this selection of times and seasons for the man to be himself. The dulness of most intercourse between different classes is especially due to the suppression of nature on both sides. The moment that a man shows his real self, the fog of dulness disperses. The ideal natural character shows us this spectacle in the most unexpected circumstances, in the very arenas of prescription and convention. In the House, in the pulpit, at the bar, at the hustings, in the stately ceremonial, in contact with the rabble, in excitement, in depression, we detect no disguise, and in proportion to the vigour of this self-manifestation the man breathes

into others the same spirit of frank enlargement from the bonds of custom. Naturalness in any character, removes our fear of it; the man is not thinking of his external advantages, of the points in which he stands above us, but of that part of himself with which we have most in common. All people whom we think of as natural require sympathy, and are not too proud to show their need of it. Thus we have it in our power to serve them—a relation which establishes a certain equality, and quickens regard into personal affection, mounting, we have sometimes seen, into enthusiasm. And it is a point on which all men are judges, whether they know it or not. Nobody can deceive us long, or be delightfully natural by fits or starts or to serve a purpose; it is of the substance of a character; it is ingrained. And the charm and sweetness of the natural manner lies in the witness being the sole appreciator of the quality in full play before him. Thus, like modesty, naturalness is not a grace for which people ought to be praised to their faces. In fact, to recognize it is to disturb it, if not to change it to its opposite. Nor should children ever be taught to be natural, or hear the word used in relation to themselves. The affectation of nature is the worst and most offensive form of the artificial. We might almost say that nobody ought to know whether he is natural or not; certainly it would not be those most clear as to their own claim who would gain the general suffrage.

Novelists revel in the delineation of affectation, but the really natural character is to be found only in our masterpieces of fiction, and those probably so masked by other characteristics that the charm may be felt rather than recognized. It is observable that our play-writers make all their characters equally candid and transparent, bad as well as good. In the old comedies people are never ashamed of showing themselves just as they are; the working of their minds is no secret, their worst motives are above-board. Where all is artificial, this is the trait most at variance with experience. The depraved may be brutal, but can scarcely be natural.

It may certainly be said of some people that affectation is their nature; nobody has ever seen them without it; they are incorrigible from native incompetence; they have no standard apart from the people about them, or the images which a feeble fancy constructs out of books. They can change their model, but they do not know what it is to be themselves; they cannot

grasp things firmly, or hold opinions definitely enough to be natural. Again, affectation of speech, gesture, or manner is often the result of mere idleness and indifference. Self-interest or feeling shakes men into naturalness, but we must live with people, or be indebted to some rare chance, to know the effect upon them either of important business or strong emotion. In fact, it implies considerable vigour to be strictly and emphatically ourselves on every occasion, small as well as great. Hence, in the search among our acquaintance for cases in point, it is no reflection on them that these cases are not numerous. Our friends have all some distinctive merit, if we set ourselves to look for it; but the quality we mean, regarded as one to strike observers and form a characteristic, is very rare, needing at once strength and sweetness, courage and candour, for its fitting development, and along with these a necessity for free expression. A reserved temper has nothing akin to affectation; yet it will effectually exclude its owner from such a definition, because it can seldom be stimulated into effusion, and, if betrayed into it, is painfully conscious of self-exposure. The natural character is not given to such regrets, however strict and keen-sighted the conscience. Nor do we imagine it to be a severe judge in the matter of want of naturalness, and we should be surprised indeed to find it eloquent on that favourite subject of popular denunciation—shams. Perhaps this is mainly because it clears the air wherever it shows itself, and brings simplicity into fashion. In such company everybody is ashamed of secret ends, whether of display or self-interest, and risks, moreover, having his design unmasked in the contact.

There is a naturalness which is rather the result of circumstances than of character, charming as a contrast to an artificial state of society, but showing none of the independence which we have attributed to the ideal quality. Children are always supposed to be natural, and many young girls are “adorably” natural whom a few seasons change into another development altogether. The thing we mean sticks by its owner through all vicissitudes of time and fortune. Natural when a child, he is more transparent still in old age from a habit of self-trust. If we look into the formation and growth of such characters—and they are certain to excite our curiosity—we shall, as we have said, find them favoured at starting by at least a recognition of their powers. Dr. Johnson,

whom we take to be a natural character, had to endure much, but his talents and even genius were recognized from infancy. The examples that come most readily to mind have had an early chance; there has been no drawback in themselves or their surroundings to free expansion. When we consider the hindrances to such genial development which are the common lot, we need not wonder that everybody is not natural after this pattern. With the majority the training of circumstances does not nicely harmonize with their nature, and they do not possess the temper and vigour to make it fit. With most persons the law of necessity is too strong for nature. A man is born with certain tendencies, and circumstances compel him to their contraries. Such a one does not know himself; too many things external to him alter and change him from what nature planned him, and from what he instinctively inclines to. He is neither what he feels himself nor what he appears to others to be. If this discrepancy is in any degree the general lot, the charm of a natural manner can be no common gift.

From The Athenæum.

PHILIP STANHOPE.

A DUBLIN correspondent sends us the following:—

Some Anecdotes of Philip Stanhope, illustrative of his Character, and of his Father the Earl of Chesterfield's Disappointment. By James, first Earl of Charlemont (born 1723, died 1799).

Stanhope with all his awkwardness, had certainly good parts, and a great share of clumsy liveliness. When a mere Boy he was comically ungainly, a Defect pardonable and even laughable at that time of life, but which in him lasted much too long. He was, in Effect, even in his riper days, a perfect Tony Lumpkin. When at Berne, where He passed some of his Boyhood, in company with Harte and the excellent Mr. now Lord Eliot, He was one evening invited to a Party, where, together with some Ladies, there happened to be a considerable number of Bernese Senators, a dignified set of elderly Gentlemen aristocratically proud, and perfect strangers to Fun. These most potent, grave, and reverend Signors were set down to whist, and were so studiously attentive to the game, that the unlucky Brat found little difficulty in fastening to the Backs of their chairs the flowing Tails of

their ample Periwigs. This done, He left the Room, and presently re-entered, crying out Fire! Fire! The affrighted Burgomasters suddenly bounced up, and exhibited to the amazed Spectators their Senatorial Heads totally deprived of ornament or covering. This certainly comical but wonderfully impudent Frolick was carefully concealed from Lord Chesterfield, who would scarcely have pardoned it even to the childhood of his Son and Pupil.

The following Anecdote, which as well as the foregoing was related to me by Lord Eliot, an eye-witness, will serve to show how totally all the anxious Father's Pains were thrown away on the utterly incurable Son. Among others of his uncouth qualities, Stanhope was both an Epicure and a Glutton; a Lover of good things, and a gross Feeder upon them. One day, not long after his Return from abroad, He dined with Lord Chesterfield in a large and polite company. The Table, which was always elegant, was covered with delicacies, but of all others, that which attracted most our Hero's notice was an oval Silver Dish, containing a quantity of excellent baked Gooseberries, then a Rarity, Snow'd over with a rich covering of whipt cream. Lady Chesterfield, who at all times piqued herself upon showing the greatest and kindest attention towards her Husband's Son, and who knew Stanhope's Predilection for this his favourite Dish, had already helped him most copiously to its delicious contents, all of which he had greedily devoured, when, the Service being changed, He, with much Regret, observed a Servant carrying away a very considerable Remnant of his darling Food. Unable to resist the Temptation, He beckoned to the Servant, who presently put him into possession of his Heart's Desire, when impatient, either from appetite or from a wish not to delay the change of courses from which a change of Delights might be expected, He hastily placed under his chin the Oval Dish, still foaming with rich cream, and began with all possible celerity to lap it up in hasty Spoonfuls. Lord Chesterfield, who with grief of Heart beheld the mortifying operation, but whose Humour and good Humour were not to be altered, and whose Politeness towards his Company smothered that Rage which almost choked him, called out to the Valet who stood behind the chair of his *graceless* Son, in these words:—"John, why do you not fetch the Strop and the Razors? you see your Master is going to Shave himself." An-

other of Stanhope's failings was an insatiable curiosity, the gratification of which, even upon the slightest occasions, he could never resist. At Dinner with His Father and a select company in a front Parlour, while he was voraciously indulging his Appetite for good things, another of his appetites was roused to exertion by an unusual noise in the Courtyard. Up he bounced with an intention of gaining the window, but unfortunately forgetting that He had with admirable grace stuck the Table cloth into his Buttonhole, by the effort He exerted in rising the Dishes were displaced, and the Soup overturned to the amazement and annoyance of the Guests, and to the utter consternation of his distressed Father.

Sir William Stanhope, who with less good Breeding and more Satire, had perhaps as much wit as his Brother, tho' of a kind rough and unpolished, upon hearing of the Earl's bitter disappointment in his Son, made the following not very brotherly remark:—"Why, what could Chesterfield expect from his Bastard? He got him upon a Dutch woman, Sent him to Leipsick to learn manners, and that, too, under the direction of an Oxford Pedant.

This Pedant was Doctor Harte, a good man, of considerable Erudition, but certainly inelegant, both of which qualities are clearly discernible in his writings.

While I was at Rome, together with my Friend Lord Bruce, Stanhope, and several other Englishmen, there arrived in that Metropolis an elderly gentlewoman calling herself Mrs. Peters, with a young person supposed to be her Daughter, and named Miss Eugenia Peters. The difference between the Mother and the Daughter was obvious and striking even to our uninterested eyes. The Former was a true English goody, if vulgar and unbred, while the latter, tho' plain almost to ugliness, had apparently received the most careful Education, and was accordingly endowed with all the choicest accomplishments of her sex. She sang well, was perfect mistress of her Harpsichord, and was in a word as elegant as her Mother was vulgar. This unnatural contrast was, however, with us only the Talk of an Hour. As Englishwomen, we frequented their lodgings, while some of the unoccupied among us, of which number Stanhope, in spite of his Father's earnest and galant Exhortations was one, persuaded themselves that they were smitten by the accomplishments of the amiable Eugenia. The Ladies, having passed some months

at Rome, set out for England, where, as I have been informed, the younger was owned by Mr. Domville, a well-known and wealthy Gentleman of Ireland, for his natural Daughter. At what time Stanhope made her his wife, or whether They had been contracted during their intimacy at Rome, I cannot say; but it is certain that upon his being appointed, thro' the Interest of his Father, Minister at Hamburg, They were generally supposed to be married, and the Lady accompanied her Husband to the Place of his Destination, a circumstance which wholly alienated the already vexed and disappointed Father from his Son, by defeating his few remaining hopes, and utterly disconcerting all his Plans. Upon the death of Stanhope, which happened about Eight years after, the Widow returned to England, where she was coolly, though civilly received by her Father-in-Law; and afterward, upon the Demise of Lord Chesterfield, her treatment from the remaining Family, both in point of attention and of Emolument, not being by any means equal to her Expectations, and to what she deemed her Deserts, partly out of Resentment, because she well knew their dislike to Publication, and partly for the sake of pecuniary advantage, which was certain, and now become necessary, in spite of Remonstrances, Threats, and Promises, She gratified if not improved the world by publishing those curious Letters of which she was the sole Depository, and which have been the subject of so much discussion and difference of opinion.

I have said that Mrs. Stanhope accompanied her Husband to the Place of his Destination. Of this, however, I am by no means certain, but rather believe that the marriage, tho' suspected, was not publicly known till some years after Stanhope's departure from England. From the Tenour of his Letters one would at least suppose that it had not been authenticated to Lord Chesterfield.

I forgot to mention in its proper place that Vanity was not the least among Stanhope's Failings—a foolish quality, which principally turned, as well it might, upon his close connection with Lord Chesterfield, of which great and Honourable advantage He was much too apt continually to remind his hearers. Vanity usually brings on itself its own chastisement. The Master of the *Mandé* at Lausanne was a man of Sense and a Gentleman, and had been much too frequently teased by Stanhope, who rode at the Academy, with the perpetual Repetition of his fa-

yourite expression, "*Mon père, Milord Chesterfield*." To this childish Folly a period was, however, at length put, to the mutual advantage of Stanhope and his audience; neither were the foolish words ever more repeated after the Gentleman had made the following sharp observation, "*Comment, Monsieur, Milord Chesterfield est votre Père? Apparemment donc Miladi Chesterfield est votre Mère?*" With all these failings, Stanhope was, however, what is usually called a Pleasant Fellow. He was good-humoured though perfectly inattentive. Not unendowed with sense, though his Talent was obscured by a naturally bad Enunciation. A good scholar, and well versed in many of the modern Languages, though the same Defect attended him through them all. His Face was rather handsome, but his person was Dutch built, thick, short, and clumsy; and the very reverse of grace seemed to be the Essence of his whole Demeanour. Yet might he have passed well enough thro' life, if his Father had not insisted upon making him a *fine gentleman*; and however the memory of Lord Chesterfield may have been affected by the Publication of his Letters, certainly Mrs. Stanhope has thereby most essentially injured the memory of her Husband, whose obvious Deficiencies have been rendered more glaring by our knowledge of the unavailing Pains that were taken to obviate them. So true it is that the first principle of Education is the Discovery of that for which Nature has fitted our Pupil, and that which She has rendered it impossible for him to attain —

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam.

But where there is no *vis insita* of the sort you wish to promote, Education, with all its Powers will, I fear, never be able to impart it.

Mrs. Stanhope had two Sons by her Husband, of whom Lord Chesterfield, from his Letters to her, appears to have taken care. His coolness towards the Mother is, however, also apparent from these same Letters, where He never styles Her Daughter, or even *Dear Madam*, but simply *Madam*. — *From the MSS. of the first Earl of Charlemont.*

THE PRAYER OF THE SWINE TO CIRCE.

HUDDLING they came, with shag sides caked
with mire,
With hoofs still sullied from the troughs
o'er-spurned,
With wrinkling snouts; yet eyes in which
desire,
With some strange light, unutterably burned,
Unquenchable, — and still where'er she
turned

They rose about her, striving each o'er each,
As if with brute importuning they yearned
In that dumb wise some piteous tale to
teach,

Yet lacked the words thereto, denied the
power of speech.

For these, — Eurylochos alone escaping, —
In truth, that small unhappy band had been,
Whom wise Odysseus, dim precaution
shaping,

Ever at heart, of peril unforeseen,
Had sent inland; whom then the islet-
Queen,

The fair disastrous daughter of the sun,
Had changed to semblants of the beasts un-
clean,

With evil wand transforming one by one
To shapes of loathly swine, imbruted and un-
done.

But the men's minds remained, and these
forever

Made hungry suppliance through the pas-
sionate eyes,

Still searching aye, with impotent en-
deavour,

To find, if yet, in any look, there lies
A saving hope, or, if they might surprise

In that cold face soft pity's spark concealed,
Which she, still scorning, evermore denies,
Nor was there in her any ruth revealed,

To whom with such mute speech and dumb
words they appealed.

"What hope is ours — what hope! To find
no mercy,

After much war and many travails done? —
Ah, kinder far than thy fell philters, Circe,

The ravening Cyclops and the Læstrigon!
And, O, thrice-cursed be Laertes' son,

Through whom, at last, we watch the days
decline

With no fair ending of the quest begun,
Condemned in styes to weary and to pine,

And beat with mortal hearts through this foul
veil of swine!

"For us not now, for us, alas! no more,
The old green glamour of the glancing sea;

For us not now the laughter of the oar,
The strong-ribbed keelson where our com-
rades be;

Not now, at even, any more shall we,
By low-browed banks and reedy river-places,

Watch the beast hurry and the wild-fowl
flee;

Or, shoreward steering, in the upland spaces
Have sight of curling smoke, and fair-skinned
foreign faces!

"Alas for us!—for whom the columned
houses,
We left afore-time, cheerless must abide;
Cheerless the hearth where now no guest
carouses,
No minstrel raises song at eventide;
And O, more cheerless than all else beside,
The wistful hearts with heavy longing full;
The wife that watched us on the waning
tide,
The sire whose eyes with weariness are
dull,
The mother whose slow tears fall on the
woven wool!

"If swine we be, if we indeed be swine,
Daughter of Persè, make us swine indeed;
Well-pleased upon the litter's straw to
lyne,
Well-pleased on acorn-shales and mast to
feed,
Moved by all instincts of the bestial breed;
But O Unmerciful, O Pitiless,
Leave us not thus with sick men's hearts to
bleed!
To waste long days in yearning, dumb dis-
tress,
In memory of things gone, and utter hope-
lessness!

"Leave us at least, if not the things we
were,
At least consentient to the things we be;
Not hapless doomed to loathe the acts we
share,
And senseful roll in senseless savagery:
For surely cursed above all cursed are we,
And surely this the bitterest of ill;
To feel the old aspirings fair and free
Become blind movements of a powerless
will,
Dispersed through swine-like frames, to swine-
like issues still.

"But make us men again, for that thou
mayst!
Yea, make us men, enchantress, and restore
These grovelling forms, degraded and de-
based,
To fair embodiments of men once more;
Yea, by all men that ever woman bore;
Yea, e'en by him, who yet, brought forth in
pain,
Shall draw sustaining from thy bosom's
core,—
O'er whose thy face yet kindly shall remain,
And find its like therein,—make thou us men
again!

"Make thou us men again, if men but
groping
That dark hereafter which th' Olympians
keep;
Make thou us men again, if men but hoping
Behind death's door security of sleep:
For yet to laugh is somewhat, and to weep;
To feel delight of living, and to plough
The salt-blown acres of the shoreless
deep;
Better, yea, better far, all these than bow
Foul faces to foul earth, and yearn—as we
do now!"

So they, in speech unsyllabled. But she,
The bitter goddess, born to be their bane,
Uplifting straight her wand of ivory,
Compelled them groaning to the styes
again;
Where they, once more, in misery, were
fain
To rend the oaken woodwork as before,
And tear the troughs in impotence of pain,
Not knowing, they, that even at the door
Divine Odysseus stood,—as Hermes told of
yore.
Good Words. AUSTIN DOBSON.

BOTTLED LIGHT.—Countless accidents, as every one knows, arise from the use of matches. To obtain light without employing them, and so without the danger of setting things on fire, an ingenious contrivance is now used by the watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are kept. Any one may easily make trial of it. Take an oblong phial of the whitest and clearest glass, and put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, upon the phosphorus: fill the phial about one-third full and then cork it tightly. To use this novel light, remove the cork, allow the air to enter the phial, and then recork it. The empty space in the phial will become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. When the light grows dim, its power can be

increased by taking out the cork, and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter the phial. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the phial between the hands in order to increase the fluidity of the oil. The apparatus, thus prepared, may be used for six months.

Cassell's Magazine.

AN oriental museum has been lately opened at Vienna, which is very curious and complete. It consists of fourteen rooms assigned to China, Japan, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, Tunis, and Morocco. A well-known orientalist, Baron Hoffmann, is at the head of this new establishment.